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The Shape of Things

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A DECISION OF GREAT MOMENT HAS BEEN handed down by the United States Supreme Court on the New York unemployment-insurance act. The court divided equally, four to four, Justice Stone being too ill to take part in the decision. In the case of an equal split, the judgment of the previous court is allowed to stand. Since the New York Court of Appeals had upheld the New York law, the decision is tantamount to a declaration of constitutionality. No written opinion was rendered, but it would be a safe guess that the line-up was Justices McReynolds, Butler, Van Devanter, and Sutherland against Justices Brandeis, Cardozo, Hughes, and Roberts. This is the first review by the Supreme Court of state unemployment-insurance laws now being passed to supplement the federal social-insurance program. The decision therefore, while not directly on the federal program, means nevertheless that the first crisis in the judicial review of the Social Security Act has been weathered. New York has the "pooled-fund plan," whereby payments to the unemployed are made out of a single pool, regardless of the amount paid into the fund by the particular employer. This is in contrast with the Wisconsin "reserve plan," whereby each employer's contributions are kept intact for his own employees. It was this feature of the New York act that was principally under attack, and a victory on that score is all the greater. The decision is also interesting because, as the first important utterance of the court after the election, it serves as a test of Mr. Dooley's remark that the Supreme Court follows the election returns. It would not be surprising if Justice Hughes should veer somewhat with the winds of public opinion. But the change in Justice Roberts's attitude is more surprising, and seems too good to be true.

*

WE ARE SKEPTICAL ABOUT THE CHOICE OF Joseph E. Davies as the new Ambassador to Soviet Russia. At any time it would be curious to select for such a post a corporation lawyer, an old Democratic Party stalwart, the husband of the heiress of the Post breakfast-food millions. The Davies-Hutton wedding last year set a new high in America for ostentatious and conspicuous consumption. Surely there is an irony and a gratuitous mockery in setting up such an ambassadorial establishment in the one country in the world where private fortunes have been abolished. What makes the appointment not only

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bad taste but doubtful statesmanship is that the coming years will be years of world crisis centering in the relentless encirclement of Soviet Russia by the fascist powers. An American ambassador at Moscow will need not only wisdom and tact but sympathy for the institutions of the country to which he is accredited. Mr. Davies is a hard worker and a man of great tact and resource, but it is hard to find the roots of such sympathy in his career. What may have recommended him to President Roosevelt was his experience in business affairs. Perhaps the President believes that the task of the Moscow post for the next few years will be one of fostering trade relations, and that an ambassador not suspected of any untoward liberalism by American business interests will be strategically suited for such a task. But we cannot escape a simpler explanation. Mr. Davies, for party services rendered, was in line for an embassy. The only important vacancy was Moscow.

*

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR convention in Tampa is putting on a parade of spite, reaction, and plain self-seeking which will not be lost on the general public. The convention has joined its voice with that of John M. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine in branding the rank-and-file seamen's strike as "communistic." Mr. Green warded off a possible speech by the Spanish Ambassador by saying that the situation in Spain was "muddled." The fight of the Spanish workers, like the seamen's battle against self-appointed authorities, probably seems likewise "communistic" to the embattled craft-union brotherhood. The convention, however, descended to its lowest level in voting to boycott the label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The A. F. of L. could scarcely have found a more despicable weapon in its fight against the C. I. O. Neither could it have found one more certain to prove a boomerang. Meanwhile the convention is not to be allowed, after all, to stew in its own spite. C. P. Howard of the Typographers has stated that his union may pull out of the federation unless the illegal suspensions are lifted. If Mr. Howard's lead is followed by other unions sympathetic to the C. I. O., the American Federation of Labor may come to realize that in fighting off industrial unionism, which means mass organization, it is writing its own death warrant. The C. I. O. might well picket the convention with the slogan: The A. F. of L. Is Unfair to Unorganized Labor.

*

EVEN THE NAZIS HAVE ENOUGH SENSE NOT to allow a winner of the Nobel peace prize to die in a concentration camp or a prison hospital. They anticipated the formal announcement of the award due in December, and released "unconditionally" the man who has come to symbolize the best that still survives of pre-Hitler Germany, Carl von Ossietzky. Our gratitude for his release must go first to the Nobel committee and the Norwegian Labor government, second to liberals and pacifists all over the world who have urged his name for the prize. The decision to honor Ossietzky took courage. Months ago the German government announced that it would consider it an unfriendly act to award the prize to "a man imprisoned for his traitorous behavior." The Reich deserves no credit for a deed forced on it by world opinion and performed in a last-minute effort to save its face.

*

HOUNDED BY A CAMPAIGN OF CALUMNY IN the French rightist press, Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior in the Blum government, committed suicide on November 17. There is no need here to go into the details of the charge against him of desertion in the war. His innocence was established by a government investigation and the proof substantiated by a special tribunal under General Gamelin, commander-in-chief of the French army. The charges were worth nothing in themselves except as a means of discrediting Salengro and through him the government. But even after his official exoneration, the press, led by the weekly *Gringoire* and echoed by a flood of leaflets and broadsides, continued its accusations. Salengro was the object of the right's especial hatred because, next to Blum, he was chiefly responsible for forcing industry to make concessions to labor after the stay-in strikes, and for disarming the Croix de Feu and drafting the legal curbs on the opponents of the Front Populaire. Three weeks ago we commented on the measures Blum will take to end personal defamation in journalism. Though too late to save a valuable life they will probably now be hurried to enactment. Whether the affair will grow into another Dreyfus or Stavisky case, splitting France from top to bottom, it is too early to say.

*

THE TUGWELL RESIGNATION ENDS ONE PHASE of New Deal history—the heroic days when a group of heaven-stormers (once called the Brain Trust) thought they could capture the Olympus where the money gods sat. It also subtracts another progressive from the rapidly dwindling number at Washington, and at a time when we can ill afford to lose him. While *The Nation* has in the past criticized the work of the Resettlement Administration, and while there is a solid base of fact for Paul Ward's acid comment elsewhere in this issue, we none the less deplore Mr. Tugwell's passing from public life. The ferocity of the tory attacks on him indicated, not that he was the monstrous radical he was depicted as being, but that he stood for an approach to the problem of government which the Liberty Leaguers recognized as a threat to their dominance. That approach was the rational planning of our economic life, whether on a capitalist base or any other. Mr. Tugwell did not always act consistently with such a view, nor was he in a position within the Administration to get much accomplished. It looked for a while as if he might eventually align himself with a farmer-labor party, and he has a following in the Middle West which would have brought strength to such a party. But his acceptance of a lucrative post as a business executive puts an end to such hopes. Molasses is a sticky substance, and any prospect of Mr. Tugwell's being able to detach himself from it to become a leader of the progressive forces seems very distant.

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CAN A LAWYER IN CALIFORNIA DEFEND radicals with impunity? The president of the California Bar, in an article in the *American Bar Association Journal* of May, 1936, affirms the right of attorneys to represent persons accused of "communistic practices." But in the face of this statement the California bar association has ordered Leo Gallagher to appear on November 24 to show cause why he should not be disbarred. Although Mr. Gallagher was refused a copy of the charge as well as the name of the person making the complaint, he was accused of making improper statements about his opponent in the primary campaign for the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles. The complaint was made on July 15; nothing was done about it, however, until the election was over and the judge he had attacked for his anti-labor record was safely reelected. More than that, Mr. Gallagher was summoned to the hearing just after he had consented to defend the maritime strikers arrested in Los Angeles. Bar-association hearings are private; the standing committee which hears complaints against lawyers has lately been reconstituted and its new personnel has not been made public. Mr. Gallagher is well known as counsel for Tom Mooney and for the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism defendants, and as an American representative at the Reichstag-fire trial. One may suspect that for the California State Bar he is too well known. But disbarment of Mr. Gallagher will reflect discredit on his attackers rather than on himself.

*

WE PRINT IN THIS ISSUE A DEFENSE BY Representative Patman of the Robinson-Patman Act, for which he is largely responsible. The act has created a furor among manufacturers, retailers, advertisers, farmers, and cooperatives. Some of it arises from uncertainty on the part of these groups as to how an act seeking primarily to protect the independent merchant as against the chain store and the mail-order house, but framed in general terms, will affect them. Some proceeds from doubts as to its constitutionality and the details of its administration. Some has undoubtedly been stirred up by groups which stand to lose from the legislation. Mr. Patman's article will provoke wide discussion, and we are printing it to help clear up the controversey. We do not mean thereby to commit ourselves in support of the act. The issues it raises are profound ones. They involve the question of the best way to proceed against monopoly and price discriminations, the question of bigness in our economic life, the question whether the trend toward the integration of industry should be checked at the expense of the consumer and of efficiency in distribution. *The Nation* has in the past been skeptical of the anti-trust approach which personified economic bigness as the devil and turned its face backward to the simpler economic entities preceding finance capitalism. It has always seemed more important to us that the processes moving toward large-scale industry should not be arrested but controlled, and the whole eventually socialized. It is from this point of view that we shall publish next week a critical appraisal of the Robinson-Patman Act.

THAT LOVER OF DEMOCRACY, MR. HEARST, still occupies himself with his old alien-baiting activities. As soon as the deportation cases of Dominic Sallittto and Vincenzo Ferrero arrived at the office of Carol King, their counsel, a Hearst reporter appeared and asked why the men had not been deported and whether it was even then legal for them to remain in the United States. The answer, for the benefit of Mr. Hearst and our readers, is that it is still legal. Ferrero has appealed to the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari; his case is therefore in the courts. Sallitto's deportation was affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and has been taken back to the Department of Labor for reconsideration. Both men are accused of being anarchists. One of their misdeeds seems to have been the operation of a restaurant in Oakland, California, in a building which was also the mailing address of the anarchist newspaper *Man,* which discontinued publication in 1929. Ferrero is also accused of helping to distribute the paper; the charge against Sallitto rests on the allegation that at a meeting to discuss Marinus Van der Lubbe, victim of the Reichstag-fire trial, he acted as chairman and used these words: "We, members of the International Group [a so-called anarchist group] . . ." Four American citizens present at the meeting testified that Sallitto had not used those words; two months after the meeting an immigration inspector testified that he "recollected" hearing the words used. Both Ferrero and Sallitto are deportable to Italy, where it may be assumed that Mussolini's government will not make their reception pleasant.

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SHORTLY BEFORE THE BELGIAN REXIST demonstration last month in which the leader, Leon Degrelle, was arrested, he excused himself from a meeting of his party on the ground that he was going to be absent for a few days "in pious meditation." It now appears that those few days were spent in pious conversation with Dr. Goebbels in Berlin. From the Berlin correspondent of the *Matin* the Manchester *Guardian* quotes in these terms the advice given by the expert to the promising beginner:

> Work exclusively by parliamentary methods. Fascinate and terrify the crowds by painting the Communist peril in the darkest colors. Keep the ball rolling by resounding polemics. Send back every reproach like a boomerang at the head of your opponent. . . . Above all, know how to amuse and delight the crowd. Be more lively than the others; everything depends on that.

This is of course the stock in trade of every fascist barker, and our interview with Degrelle on another page shows that he has listened attentively to his teacher. But while the system worked with Hitler, it presents difficulties for Degrelle in Belgium and Mosley in England. In these countries there is no defeat in war to avenge, no Communist peril, no deep depression—all factors which helped German fascism. The Rexist demonstration ended in fiasco; the Black Shirt parade staged in London after Mosley, too, had been in communication with Goebbels

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created a wave of public disapproval. Though by no means scotched, both movements have had setbacks which show that it takes more than oratorical juggling to establish dictatorship.

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THE DEATH OF ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-Heink, contralto, grand opera diva, pet of the radio and motion pictures, must have staggered many who read of it. Not that the great lady had not attained a fulness of years to match her many other full achievements. From a debut nearly sixty years ago in "Il Trovatore" she went on to fame as Carmen and then to the climax of her art in Wagnerian roles. For many years in Berlin, Bayreuth, London, and New York an opera season was unthinkable without Schumann-Heink. But she had become almost legendary. Her deep, indefatigably strong and moving voice had come to be expected as the official Amen-maker of each Christmas tide, every Armistice Day, all occasions when air waves of dignified good-nature must descend upon all households of the land. She will be missed widely, periodically. Hollywood fought hard over her. It must have pleased her enormously, this sudden battle to perpetuate her, to bring her —from the top of her kindly old head to the soles of her mannish shoes—before the many millions of yet another public. German-American, she came with courage and eloquence to the American side in the war, and there remained, singing the Star Spangled Banner, somewhat to the peril of anyone who happened to be sitting comfortably inattentive within the radius of her devotion. Hers was no disembodied voice. Along with her art and her instrument, you had to take Schumann-Heink's personality. She was that nobly expansive Erda whom she loved best to sing in her last years in opera. She was Erda on all scales, including the vocal.

The Little World War Begins to Grow

ONLY confusion can result from an attempt to analyze the situation in Europe in its separate parts or from day to day. To understand any single event at any given moment it is necessary to understand the whole intricate mess. Perhaps the central fact to keep in mind is that a world war is even now in progress. In the streets of Madrid, in the sky above the city, at the port of Barcelona, on the seas that surround Spain, a war is being fought in which every important nation of Europe is engaged. They are calling it the "Little World War" in Paris. But its size should not be judged by the territory over which its legions fight; it should be measured by the magnitude of the powers engaged and the interests involved.

Had it been a genuine civil war the struggle between the fascist troops of Franco and the Spanish republican army would probably have ended early with the defeat of the fascists. But it never was that. From the beginning, arms and planes and technicians flowed across the borders from Italy and then from Germany, to augment the inadequate rebel supplies. After the neutrality agreement came into being, the fascist flood continued, and finally, belatedly, Soviet Russia began to ship equipment to Madrid. Officially, of course, it is still a civil war. Germany and Italy have consistently denied their shipments to the rebels. Russia has denied similar charges, though it showed enough diplomatic honesty to announce that it would feel free to aid the Spanish government if the fascist powers continued to help Franco. And the Non-Intervention Committee has saved its face by deciding that none of the accusations has been proved—though all are known to be true. So that, behind a diplomatic false-face, a situation has developed in which Italy and Germany are waging undeclared war against Soviet Russia, both actively with guns and men on the soil of Spain and through charges and counter-charges and diplomatic maneuvers in capitals a thousand miles from Madrid. France is not yet physically engaged, although its sympathies are with the Spanish government and its interests are there, too. But diplomatically it is tied to Great Britain and emotionally it is torn between sympathy for Spain and horror of war, a conflict that divides and confuses the government itself and the masses that support it. As for Britain, it is following its traditional policy, the policy that always works so well until the fatal day when it fails to work altogether and complete catastrophe results. The government temporizes, pretends the war is a local affair, pretends the neutrality agreement is still effective; and meanwhile speeds up its armament program and is said to be negotiating secretly with the Spanish fascists in an effort to secure its interests in the Mediterranean in case of Franco's victory.

But the principal belligerents are going to make it difficult for any nation to continue to hide behind a policy of concession and compromise. During the past week Germany and Italy have recognized the "government" of Franco, though his mercenaries are still camped in the suburbs of Madrid; and the fascist general has utilized the prestige thus conferred upon him to announce a blockade of the port of Barcelona and even to demand from France the funds the Spanish government has invested there for safe keeping. Italy has followed its recognition of Franco by an announcement that under no circumstances will it permit a "Communist state" to exist on the Mediterranean. A loyalist cruiser has been struck by a torpedo which the government more than hints came from a German submarine. The British have decided to convoy merchant ships on the high seas.

Behind these minor maneuvers looms the anti-Communist alliance made or in the making between Germany, Japan, and Italy. An agreement between Germany and Japan has been ratified this past week in Tokyo; an understanding between the Reich and Italy was reached during Count Ciano's recent visit to Hitler; and the existence of a bloc pledged to fight communism is freely admitted on all hands. This cannot please Great Britain, whatever its sentiments toward the Soviet Union and the Spanish left. But it may easily frighten both Britain and

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France into continued delay and hesitation. The militarist-nationalist powers have satisfied themselves that Great Britain can be cowed by threats and will accept accomplished facts. The weakness of the democratic states has become an axiom among dictatorships; and even Soviet Russia shares this reputation in so far as it has preferred peace to the defeat of fascism. Thus the Little World War grows bigger, and responsibility for its growth must be laid upon the nations that have refused to act at a time when action might still have saved Europe's peace.

The curious aspect of this tragedy is that every nation knows that the fascist states were determined to do what they are now doing. Yet each step in their progress toward the domination of Europe is greeted with mild surprise and treated as a detached incident, when political realism would demand that it be understood for what it is—a single maneuver in a general war.

Dismantling the WPA

HARRY HOPKINS and Rexford Guy Tugwell have generally been regarded as the Administration's left wing. Mr. Tugwell has yielded to pressure, and his program for rehabilitating the low-income farmer, inadequate though it was, is to be further curtailed. Now the enlightened relief policies of Mr. Hopkins are being subjected to the withering, if indirect, fire of old-line politicians. If this means that Hopkins is to be forced out, the President may look forward to a serious loss of confidence from his liberal supporters.

Today it is work relief, not crops, that is being plowed under in the name of the balanced budget. Once it was every third row of cotton. Now it is every fourth job in the WPA. A hint of the sweeping cuts that have already begun to be made came in the very first post-election speech of President Roosevelt, whose victory was swollen with the votes of relief workers. It was a speech calling on private charity to resume a responsible role in caring for the unemployed. Since then we have had James Farley's statement to the press in London on November 16 that the WPA is to be abandoned and relief shifted back to the local communities. At home, orders have been received by the directors of local projects to cut their staffs 25 per cent by December 15, and plans have been worked out by the government to eliminate 500,000 of the WPA's total of 2,400,000 by January 1. To pay the cost of relief until June 31, the end of the fiscal year, the Administration, it is reported, will ask Congress for $500,000,000, which will keep the WPA going only if its program is reduced by 25 per cent.

Where the ax will fall in the general process of curtailment is indicated by cuts now under way. Reductions are not likely to be uniformly distributed over the entire country. Though the schedule calls for large cuts in the cities, it is more probable that in order to avoid organized protest the Administration will accomplish its objective by drastically reducing or completely liquidating projects in the rural areas, where WPA workers are unorganized and lack the mass support necessary to exert pressure on Congress. We may also expect disproportionate reductions in white-collar projects, particularly in the cultural ones. This is unfortunate not only because the four arts projects have made a remarkable showing in proportion to their cost but also because actors, musicians, artists, writers, and white-collar workers in general will be the last to be absorbed by private industry just as they were the last to be taken care of by the government. Already, in New York City 1,000 each have been let out from the theater and music projects; 800 have been dropped from the art project; the writers' project has been reduced by 16 per cent and is scheduled for a further cut of 26 per cent. We commented last week upon one of the most blatant examples of slashing without regard to need, which occurred when 850 white-collar workers were dismissed from the New York City hospital project despite the fact that their work of modernizing a dozen city hospitals is essential to the public health. When the city administrator, Colonel Somervell, received protests from all sides he offered to reinstate the workers in jobs at Fort Hamilton. Forts must be modernized though hospitals fall apart.

From other cities come similar reports. In San Francisco as many as 50 artists are said to have been laid off in a week, and California newspapers have announced that 20,000 WPA workers will be dropped. The writers' project in Oklahoma City has been asked to report on the "minimum number of workers needed to complete our 'American Guide' "—not the minimum number of workers who must be kept on relief. The Artists' Union of Boston reports that 100 art workers are to be dropped by December 15.

Now the groundwork is being prepared for the general dismissals. The process must be devious because of the resistance which a direct attack would provoke. Instead of direct dismissal, investigation of all New York's 214,000 WPA workers has begun. True, 90 per cent of them have already established their claim to relief either by being transferred from home relief or by submitting to some prior investigation, but the present survey is to establish their "current need," and it is significant that the "interview sheet" asks no questions about the debts of the relief worker who, it is hoped, will be found ineligible for relief. Presumably next month's survey will establish their next month's "current need." And the surveys will go on until the rolls have been pared to the bone.

What will happen then? Several procedures are open to the workers who are being dismissed because the election is over and a dividend recovery is sweeping the newspapers. They can go back to home relief, if they can get it. They can be reabsorbed by private industry, when, where, and if they find private industry offering jobs. Some of them, in their extremity, may do what Victor Brown and Goldie Larner did in New York last spring when they received the fatal pink slips—they may commit suicide. In the big cities the workers can and will put up a fight to be retained on the WPA. For the white-collar workers this is the only alternative; and in New

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York at least they are so strongly organized in the City Projects Council that their protest may well be effective. Last spring when the WPA quota was cut 42,000, the white-collar men escaped with no dismissals largely because of their intelligent and courageous resistance. Workers in other cities have also found that organization is the most effective weapon. They must not hesitate to use it to its full strength. To that pressure must be added the voice of organized labor, which can ignore this new attack on the unemployed only at its own peril.

Tampa and the Future

THE Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Tampa has continued the suspension of the unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization in a resolution which makes a frantic attempt to put the blame on the C. I. O. for all that has happened. It recounts, in whining and hypocritical sentences, the aid the A. F. of L. has given to the estranged unions, which have now turned against their parent body. It says nothing of the long record of sabotage and actual betrayal which American workers, organized and unorganized, have suffered at the hands of the craft-union bloc. Its very tone reveals a desperate and authentic anxiety. This anxiety springs from the certain knowledge that the future of American labor lies with industrial unionism. It haunted the opening speech of President Green. The strength of the idea of industrial unionism is to be measured, in one sense, by the ferocity with which the C. I. O. has been attacked at Tampa, for this ferocity reflects the inroads it had made and is making in the minds of the rank and file even in craft unions.

The "unity" and "peace" which everybody would like to see brought about have been dramatized for the newspaper reader in terms of the personal ambitions of the leaders who find themselves at swords' points in this controversy. While this has made the issue vivid, it has also limited the perspective in which it must be seen to be understood. What are the larger considerations?

Industrial unionism is a technique of mass organization growing directly out of the system of mass production which characterizes our highly industrialized modern state. To the concentrated power of modern monopolistic industry labor must oppose an equal concentration and solidarity, which it can achieve only by organizing all the workers of an industry into one big union. Industrial unionism is the great natural weapon with which the human element in that system, the workers, can bring about in this country a political society that will correspond to our system of production. Through a combination of developments, political and economic, industrial unionism some three years ago burst out of its relative obscurity as a sound theory and emerged as a practical functioning technique for organizing the great bulk of American workers, hitherto unorganized but ripe for unionization. That section of the A. F. of L. represented by the C. I. O.—which includes specific unions already organized industrially and leaders committed to the principle—welcomed this development and seized upon the new prestige of industrial unionism as an opportunity to build a genuine national labor movement in contradistinction to a select club comprising 5 per cent of American workers. It was, naturally enough, rejected by those craft unions whose workers are best organized horizontally—and there are a few such. It was much more violently rejected by those craft unions whose memberships, if they were recruited on an industrial-union basis, would be enormously increased, to the peril of the ruling group.

William Green has often insisted that the A. F. of L. provides for industrial as well as craft organization. And certainly the intelligent and logical solution, granting that the A. F. of L. is sincerely devoted to the interests of labor, organized and unorganized, would be to allocate to the craft unionists those sections of labor which are best organized on that basis, and to the industrial unionists the workers in the mass-production industries. The trouble is that on any democratic basis the industrial unionists would command the great majority of workers, and the machinery of the American labor movement would pass into their hands. The craft unionists who now control the machinery will defend and are defending it with every weapon available: they deny that the issue is industrial unionism; they charge the C. I. O. with being communistic; and certain reactionary trade-union elements have even raised the race issue in the attempt to pry predominantly Jewish unions away from the C. I. O., arguing that Jewish unions cannot afford in the light of the anti-Semitic danger to be connected with a "communistic," un-American movement.

In view of the larger considerations here adduced and the day-by-day bitterness that has emerged from the political conflict involved, is there any reason to hope for genuine unity or peace?

Historically and practically, the only basis for peace is that the industrial unionists be given a free hand to organize the mass-production industries. Since the executive council insists that the constitution permits both types of organizing, it should be able to make this concession. At the moment, however, too many bridges have been burned. It seems very unlikely that the A. F. of L. would make such a concession openly, and the issue is so crucial and has been so well advertised that it would be difficult to find a face-saving disguise. It was equally unlikely, however, considering the essential lack of energy in the decadent and dwindling craft-union bloc, that the convention in Tampa should have taken positive action against the C. I. O. It has, to be sure, sustained the suspensions. This looked like action; is is really inaction. To expel, on the other hand, would have obligated the executive council to the violent action involved in giving charters to rival unions and to the actual knifing of the industrial-union drive in every basic industry.

Industrial unionism must eventually win out, since it is stronger than its advocates. The A. F. of L. must permit the mass-production industries to be organized industrially if only because they *are* being so organized.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

The End of Tugwell

Washington, November 23

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL has just decided to stop making America over, roll down his sleeves, and dip his hands in the molasses barrel. Tugwell was cast by fate for the role of the young and somewhat precious professor to be found on every campus, perching on a desk corner and delightfully impressing sophomore boys and girls with things that neither Marx nor Winchell knew till now. It is completely untrue to say, as has been said innumerable times in writing since his resignation was announced, that Tugwell was never one to quit under fire. On the contrary, he belonged to the tradition of Anatole France's necromancer. According to Sir Willmott Lewis, the London *Times's* incomparable Washington correspondent, France used to tell his friends of a certain necromancer who had power to change himself into a dragon and terrify the countryside. He exercised that power until one day, while in dragon's guise, he encountered St. George. Whereupon he changed himself into a rabbit and fled.

Tugwell has emulated the necromancer on various occasions. He always did so when the share-cropper situation in Arkansas was pushed up under his nose and the shadow of Senator Joe "Terror" Robinson loomed before him as an avenging St. George. He also did so when he was summoned before a Congressional committee and challenged as a deep-dyed radical on his right to appointment as Under Secretary of Agriculture. "I am a conservative," he replied. He several times offered to resign when the fire of his enemies inside the Administration and out got particularly hot. Each time he yielded to Roosevelt's blandishments and remained, and he kept on yielding even after he had become convinced that Roosevelt no longer took him seriously and regarded him instead as an amusing bit of excess baggage that the Administration could afford to carry to keep the attention of liberals engaged. Tugwell began to tire rapidly of government service after he had been elevated from the post of an idea man to that of administrator of the resettlement project and was told to start putting into practice his ideas of proper land use and rural rehabilitation. As a man of action he proved to be a fumbler, and for more than a year the RA was a scene of administrative turmoil that defied the descriptive powers of pen, brush, or camera. Only the drought saved it from complete disintegration and gave it something about which to rally its forces, and here it followed a course carefully mapped out for it in advance by the FERA and the AAA. Tugwell's chief value to the RA—as to the Department of Agriculture—was that of a court favorite who was able to keep his pet agencies in funds and through his real or imagined pull at the White House protect them from raids by rival agencies. There is reason to believe that behind his decision to quit the New Deal were the waning of his influence at the White House and his weariness at the prospect of having to fight to keep the Resettlement Administration from being gobbled up by the Department of Agriculture or dismembered and parceled out among several departments. But the chief reason was that he had been offered a better-paying job with what looked like a more secure future; he could have stayed here if he had wanted to.

Don't be upset by the current reports that the Roosevelt Administration is about to make peace with the power companies and sell the TVA down the river. They are without foundation, and that statement stands despite the little speech that the TVA's chairman, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, made to White House reporters a few days ago after a conference with the President. It is altogether possible that Mr. Roosevelt's new-found satisfaction with the status quo—a satisfaction expressed in his note to the A. F. of L. convention and between the lines of all his other recent utterances—may in the end make him an easy mark for the power boys' seductive plea that if he will take the TVA off their backs they will loose a billion dollars in new capital expenditures and provide jobs for several hundred thousand men now clinging to PWA and WPA rolls and clogging the budget-balancing efforts. But up to the present moment this wooing has not elicited from him even so much as

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a coy glance in the direction of the wooers, as they, privately, are quick to admit. More important still is the fact that most of them have lost faith in the ability of their own charms to turn his head and are waiting for the Supreme Court to do it for them.

It is unlikely that there will be any concrete developments in the situation until the Supreme Court says which side it is on. When the power magnates were summoned to the White House some two months ago to talk about "pooling" private and public power resources in the Tennessee Valley, Roosevelt cleverly choked off all discussion of the one thing the corporation representatives wanted to talk about—TVA competition in the distribution field. In all the negotiations that have taken place since that time, Commonwealth and Southern—one of the two big holding companies directly affected by TVA, the other being Electric Bond and Share—has not once been given an opportunity even to put forward the various proposals it has for peace. And of all the power companies involved, it is the only one ready to sue for peace. The others—Electric Bond and Share in particular—still are trusting to the courts to break the New Deal to their harness. Meanwhile they are making things as unpleasant as possible for Commonwealth and Southern for being the first to indicate a readiness to break and run before the flood tide of public ownership. They are even suspected of responsibility for the failure of Commonwealth and Southern's deal to sell its Springfield, Illinois, property to the municipal power system; and in their present state of mind they might also be expected to try to sabotage Commonwealth and Southern's peace proposals, since these involve the sale of some or all of the corporation's Southeastern properties to the TVA.

Tied to those proposals are some strings that the TVA is unable and unwilling to accept, but they represent the first approach to a business-like statement of alternatives in what, barring Supreme Court intervention, is an inevitable clash between public and private utility interests in the TVA area. Various factors are responsible for the attitude taken by Commonwealth and Southern, and all of them are financial factors. Its Southeastern properties need new capital to meet maturing obligations and to construct new facilities. While the TVA conflict remains unresolved, these properties cannot get that new capital and they cannot take advantage of the present cheap money market to save themselves millions by scaling down their interest charges. In consequence, the holding company has had to advance them approximately $20,000,000, and prudence dictates that it tighten its purse strings from now on. When the strictly business attitude that these factors have generated in the Commonwealth and Southern management removes the strings from the management's proposals and spreads to the other companies at war with the TVA, the Roosevelt Administration will be ready to dicker in earnest with them on a program aimed at the ultimate conversion of the Tennessee Valley into an area of exclusive public ownership and operation, the change to be achieved without loss to those who actually have put money into the development of the private companies now in the field. That at least is still the position of the TVA and the White House, and the strength of that position is not to be found so much at the White House as in the person of David E. Lilienthal, TVA director in charge of its power program. Lilienthal is a hard-bitten, hard-working empire builder with a crusading zeal different in direction but as cold as that the elder Rockefeller used to have. It is probably true of him, as some of the power tycoons say, that had destiny faced him in the right direction, he would have made an excellent Wall Street raider and bear-market operator.

Curbing the Chain Store

BY WRIGHT PATMAN

THE Robinson-Patman Act has been the subject of widespread discussion. But out of it all several questions have emerged that may still profitably be examined. What does this new law, which became effective June 19,1936, really mean? What effects are already apparent? Will it really prevent price discrimination? Is it constitutional? Can it be enforced? How does it affect the consumer? What was the background of the law, and why and how did Congress pass it? Does it affect intrastate commerce, or only interstate transactions? How does it affect manufacturers, chain stores, independent dealers, "voluntaries," and consumer cooperatives? Does it help the farmer or hurt him? Will follow-up legislation be necessary, either in the states or in Congress?

As the member of Congress who introduced this bill in the House, after conducting an investigation of chain stores versus independents, I am in a position to give what I believe to be accurate information bearing upon these questions. Let us go to Washington and look in on the drama that preceded the passage of the act.

ACT I

The scene: A conference room of the House of Representatives, occupied by the Committee on the Judiciary.

The time: 10 a.m., July 10, 1935.

Cast of characters: The committee, Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, chairman; Wright Patman, a Representative in Congress from the state of Texas; many other witnesses who desired to be heard either for or against the bill. (The dialogue has been abbreviated.)

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THE CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, I assume you are advised with regard to the object of this hearing. Mr. Patman is here and I assume, Mr. Patman, you are ready to proceed.

MR. PATMAN: Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN: If you would like to make a statement now, we shall be glad to hear from you.

MR. PATMAN: We recognize, in the introduction of this bill, the rights of the chain stores and mail-order houses to do business. This bill proposes to give independent merchants of this country the same rights, privileges, benefits, and opportunities as the larger chain concerns receive.

I feel there is an evil existing in this country in our economic system. I speak specifically of the consolidation of food and grocery chain stores. Before a committee of which I am chairman, investigating lobbying activities of certain large concerns, it was disclosed that only 18 per cent of the cash business of the food and grocery business in 1933 was done by independent stores, including voluntaries.

Therefore, the cash business is done by corporate chains, and that has caused this situation to result: You have a chain store on one side of the street that is getting special benefits, special discounts, special commissions and bonuses, and they are able to put the same goods on their shelves as the independent across the street puts on his shelves at about 20 per cent less.

The day of the independent merchant is gone unless something is done quickly. We have reached the crossroads; we must either turn the food and grocery business of this country—and that is just one division—over to a few corporate chains, or we must pass laws that will give the people an opportunity to exist. We want individual units, independent business; we want to encourage independent business.

MR. MICHENER (Congressman Earl C. Michener, Michigan, a member of the committee): You mean all along the line?

MR. PATMAN: Absolutely—all along the line. We know when a few people get control of the food business, or any other business, what they are going to do—tell the producer what he can get for his products, and tell the consumer what he must pay for what they sell. Right now is a critical time. This Congress should determine whether they are going to give the independent merchants a chance to live, or whether they are going to let them be frozen and squeezed out of existence by unfair methods of competition.

ACT II

Scene: The same.

Time: February 7, 1936.

Additional characters: Hubert Utterback, Iowa, chairman of the Subcommittee on Bills to Amend the Clayton Act; O. M. Kile, representing the Mail Order Association of America; Congressman U. S. Guyer, of Kansas, a member of the committee.

MR. KILE: . . . so it looks to me as though you are headed straight into a maze from which there is no exit...

MR. UTTERBACK: Mr. Kile, by that statement do you mean that we might just as well throw up our hands and quit, not try to do anything to stop the present trends? Is that what you mean, not make any effort at all? No matter what we do, you are going to lick us?

MR. KILE: I would not say that; no, sir.

MR. UTTERBACK: We have the anti-trust laws, we have the Federal Trade Commission Act, and we have our Clayton Act. What have we accomplished by them?

MR. KILE: Naturally, the Federal Trade Commission has considerable powers . . .

MR. UTTERBACK: You say we are getting into a maze and that we cannot do anything.

MR. KILE: The Federal Trade Commission has certain powers, but I think, coming right down to it, that there is no need for any act; that it will solve itself. You were shown a few days ago how a retailer, who is really a retailer and not a man who will sit off and wait for the trade to come to him, can take care of himself. You were shown how 20,000 retailers were consolidated through cooperative agencies into buying concerns that got the very same discounts on nearly all of their goods, and they did not . . .

MR. GUYER: In order to get the benefits, they are forced into those organizations, or similar ones?

MR. KILE: Yes. Is there any reason why, in this day of cooperative efforts of all kinds, the local retailer should not have that responsibility?

MR. GUYER: The question is, must we all go into a chain—some kind of a chain?

MR. KILE: Do you feel that Congress has a responsibility to the man who will not recognize that things have changed from the days of his own father and will not cooperate and go along with modern methods of doing things? Do you feel that you have much responsibility for that individual? He has it in his own hands to get the same discounts as these other groups.

MR. UTTERBACK: We are not trying to take the place of inefficiency and ignorance and extravagance and bad credits. All we are trying to do is put all business on a basis of equality. It seems that no matter how efficient some manufacturers are, or some merchants are, no matter how hard they try, they are gradually being put out of business; not because of ignorance or inefficiency or bad business methods, but are absolutely being put out of business . . .

MR. KILE: Well, I certainly do not see that we have arrived at the point in this country where we ought to legislate a man into a permanent business.

ACT III

The third act of this political drama is well known. Congress did decide to give the independent merchant a right to live, and President Roosevelt signed the bill on June 19, 1936.

As finally passed, the act is a consolidation of the provisions of the various bills introduced in Congress by Senator Robinson, myself, Senators Borah, Van Nuys, and others. H. B. Teegarden, attorney for the United States Wholesale Grocers' Association, drafted the original bill. Before and after its introduction many changes

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were made. Mr. Teegarden, I consider, is the best informed attorney in America on anti-trust legislation. For many years he was Assistant Attorney General of the United States, handling anti-trust matters, and represented the government before the Supreme Court of the United States when the Packers' Consent Decree cases were satisfactorily settled by a consent decree in favor of the government. The Robinson-Patman bill amended Section 2 of the 1914 Clayton Act, defining unlawful price discriminations, and supplemented the act by eliminating brokerage allowances, except for services actually performed, and advertising and other service allowances, unless made available to all purchasers on proportionately equal terms. The bill was designed to prevent arbitrary discrimination in the course of interstate commerce as a result of which sellers conferred substantial competitive advantage upon some customers and not upon others; in other words, to restore equality of opportunity in business without penalizing service and efficiency. The law allows different prices to competitive purchasers from one manufacturer when such differences are based upon "differences in the cost of manufacture, sale, or delivery resulting from different methods or quantities in which such commodities are sold or delivered." So the law does not specifically prevent all price discrimination and is not a price-fixing bill in any sense.

Our probe of chain stores during the summer of 1935 disclosed that over half of the net profits of one chain-store concern in 1934 were realized from secret and confidential rebates, amounting to $8,000,000. The law was intended to correct such practices, and it is already doing so.

A letter from an independent dealer in New Jersey is typical of hundreds that I have received since the Robinson-Patman law was passed. He wrote: "I have noted that the differentials between chain stores and myself as a retailer have been drawn closer together than ever before," and added that the wholesale prices he was paying on coffee, flour, sugar, and lard had been reduced and that he was passing on these savings to the consumer.

After the bill was signed, one big tire-manufacturing concern canceled a huge contract with a mail-order and chain retail concern, ending a price discrimination which the Federal Trade Commission had been unable successfully to control. Other manufacturers are also terminating contracts which had been damaging them, their employees, and the consumer. As a direct result, small business is expanding, new buildings are being built and vacant ones occupied, men and women are being employed, the farmer is being aided by getting a fair return for his crops, the buying power of consumers is being protected, and they are getting lower prices because monopoly has been checked and competition increased.

There is little question about the act's constitutionality. It is backed up by the Interstate Commerce Act and the Clayton Act, both of which have been accepted for more than two decades.

Three complaints charging violations of the Robinson-Patman Act have already been filed by the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice, and five respondents have been named. An automatic enforcement clause in the act provides that any person or firm discriminated against may sue for threefold damages—costs, interest, and attorney's fees. The criminal penalties provided by the law include a fine up to $5,000 and imprisonment for not more than one year.

A jobber or manufacturer who sells to customers within the state, none of whom buys for shipment into other states, is unaffected by the act, which attempts only to regulate interstate commerce in accordance with the Constitution. However, if a jobber or manufacturer buys from a manufacturer in another state, or from one in the same state who sells also to customers in another, he becomes potentially subject to the provisions of the act in case that manufacturer discriminates in favor of him or against him.

No doubt many of the states will adopt measures similar to the Robinson-Patman Act. The associations of retail druggists and retail grocers are at this moment preparing a model bill for introduction in the various state legislatures. I am also testing out sentiment in regard to a bill which would prevent a manufacturer from operating a retail business and a retailer from engaging in manufacturing. This bill has been prepared, and I may introduce it early in the next session of Congress.

The belief has become widespread that consumer cooperatives are exempt from all provisions of the Robinson-Patman Act, but this is not so. The final section of the act protects the distribution of cooperative earnings or surplus among the members. In the dealings of cooperatives with others they share the protection provided by the act as to equal treatment. There is nothing which distinguishes cooperatives either favorably or unfavorably from other agencies, as far as their dealings with others are concerned.

Owing to an effective campaign, which received practically all of its backing from retailers, the small press, and trade journals, the people of the nation demanded that Congress save the small business man from oppression. I spoke before hundreds of trade groups, telling them how to exert influence for the bill. We were supported in our stand by druggists, grocers, wholesalers, and others, including many individual consumers. Independent merchants from all over the country, 3,000 or more, came to Washington on March 4, 1936, held a mass-meeting, and interviewed their representatives in Congress, urging them to work for the Robinson-Patman bill. On April 30 the Senate, without a record vote, approved the Robinson bill, which had been amended several times; and on May 28, the House, by a standing vote, approved the measure 290 to 16. After both houses had adopted their measures, the legislation was sent to final conference, where a dangerous provision in the Senate bill, which would have allowed "discrimination . . . made in good faith to meet competition," was eliminated. A Senate provision exempting raw materials was also taken out, thus preserving a means of protecting the farmer and other producers from pressure by the chain stores exerted through the factories. Congress approved the conference report shortly before the President signed the bill.

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What I Expect of Roosevelt

GERALD P. NYE

I AM quite at sea when undertaking to guess what will be the probable course of the Roosevelt Administration during the next four years. There are so many reasons why it ought to continue energetically progressive, and at the same time so many evidences that frightful pressure will be brought to move it rightward. That the progressive gains already won will be held I have no doubt. Federal relief will of course be greatly restricted, but it must continue indefinitely. Restriction of a harmless nature can come through the weeding out of undeserving cases, and experience should make possible the elimination of a good deal of waste through consolidation of administrative agencies. Since acquaintance with local problems is essential in successful administration, a way must be found to increase local assistance. I expect to see larger requirements levied upon the states for meeting their relief obligations.

Farm gains won during recent years must be supplemented through greater aid to cooperative effort, crop-insurance plans, and easier agricultural credits. Keeping in mind the utilization of available water resources now being wasted, the conservation and flood and drought emergencies must be fully met through large federal aid. The restoration of marginal lands to their original forest purposes must continue.

Social security must be carried forward to a point where the aged can count on having enough to maintain themselves in comfort and decency. That seems to me a prime necessity.

Labor must share more largely in the earnings of industry. Reduced hours with a resultant spread of employment seem now the only adequate approach. If there is an attempt to revive the NIRA, it must be with the strictest provisions against the possibility of monopoly enlarging its control and with provisions insuring greater precautions against the adoption of trick codes by industry.

Reciprocal trade agreements must be watched lest the American farmer become the goat through an endeavor to aid the foreign trade of American manufacturers. Rigid control over exchange markets should prevail, but here I fear reverses. Further banking reform with larger governmental control over the Federal Reserve system is essential, but I do not expect to see this accomplished.

The ensuing years are going to see the Philippine problem in our lap again. The islands cannot possibly carry the load which in the name of national defense is being wished on them by our American military minds, who don't like the idea of our getting out of the islands. As a result of this burden the Philippines will want to come back on the old basis. When that desire is expressed we should be prepared to counter with the strict stipulation that the islands provide every penny of the American military budget alleged to be for their defense.

The largest field for progressive action is offered by the prevention of war. America must not be drawn into other peoples' wars, to the destruction of whatever economic balance may have been restored after the last war. A strict neutrality policy of a mandatory rather than discretionary type must be resorted to if we would avoid seeing our appetite for trade outweigh our appetite for neutrality and peace. While the maintenance of an adequate national defense is essential, Americans must now recognize it as the cloak of interests profiting from mad armament races. Strong legislation against the influence of profit both in war and in preparation for it is very necessary, but I fear that in these fields the Administration will be found painfully compromising.

An Administration never had a finer opportunity to go forward in an intelligently progressive way. Let us hope that the opportunity will not be dodged.

EARL BROWDER

IT is clear that in the elections the American people voted for something more than the middle-of-the-road policy of President Roosevelt. He has himself stated that they gave "a mandate in unmistakable terms." It is the opinion of the Communist Party that it was a mandate against reaction and fascism, for democracy and peace, and for a general improvement in living standards.

The reactionaries are well aware of the implications of this mandate. They realize that they must use very clever maneuvers to recover from the serious blow they suffered in the elections. The sweeping character of their defeat smashed their plans for challenging the validity of Roosevelt's election. Hence the spectacle of Hearst crawling on all fours, the sudden magnanimity with which the employers give pay increases, the amorous bout between Rockefeller and Farley, and the many offers of peace to Roosevelt by big bankers and industrialists.

The Liberty Leaguers are obviously changing their clothes and their tune in a new effort to curb the forward movement of labor and the people. They are worried over the growing consciousness on the part of labor that now is the time to march forward to greater independence and achievements in the economic and political fields.

The people voted for very definite things, things which Roosevelt promised both directly and by implication in his speeches. It is an encouraging sign to all progressives that the American workers indicate they are determined to take advantage of the favorable oppor-

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tunities created by the election results to augment their power economically and politically. This is shown by the big marine strike, by the organizing activity in steel, automobiles, textiles, clothing, and other industries, by the increasing demands for higher wages and shorter hours, by the formulation of labor and social legislation, by the rising demand for an active peace policy, and by the strengthening of the farmer-labor movement all through the country.

The present push on the part of labor shows that the election results in large part were due to the sharpening of the class struggle, and that this now accelerates the regrouping of the people along class lines. The seeds of the future American People's Front and the Farmer-Labor Party were sown in the election campaign; their fruits are becoming visible and should play an important part in the 1938 elections. We have not yet a people's front, but we have the conditions for its formation.

If the forward movement of the people is to succeed, then labor, farmers, and middle-class people must make demands upon the Administration and back up these demands with independent action on the economic and political fronts. While the reactionaries have received a setback, they have by no means been routed. They still occupy important posts within the Administration and the Democratic Party. The reactionaries will increasingly use the tory wing of the Democratic Party and the Supreme Court; they will exert pressure on the Roosevelt Administration to realize those objectives which they were trying to achieve by electing Landon.

The danger that reaction will reconsolidate its positions makes it imperative that all progressives support labor in the organizing and wage drives, support the unemployed in their efforts to win adequate relief and jobs, support the struggle of the Negroes to win full equality in every field. Now is the time to go full steam ahead, to strengthen every progressive force and build the Farmer-Labor Party.

In the elections labor was united as never before in its determination to defeat Wall Street. Independent and semi-independent movements of workers and farmers registered great progress and were largely responsible for the sweeping nature of Roosevelt's victory. On the basis of these advances, with the increased confidence and class-awareness of the workers, and with the present favorable situation, it is the duty of every liberal, progressive, and radical to pitch in and help labor in the organizing drives and to help build a party of the people —the Farmer-Labor Party.

THURMAN ARNOLD

STATEMENTS of the future course which the Administration should take without regard to the political factors involved are of no use to anyone. Successful action depends upon an accurate appraisal of the political support which the Administration can expect. With respect to that support one thing is clear. The people demand national leadership and national policy with regard to social problems which four years ago were regarded as beyond the proper scope of government. They will support an Administration which attempts, through organizations which it creates or controls, to step into areas where private enterprise is unable to operate effectively. On the other hand, there is little indication of a desire to change the theory of government. The Constitution is still an important unifying ideal and the Supreme Court its most important symbol. Private industrial corporations are still the backbone of our system of distribution. The voters are asking for new activities but not for new theories. With respect to these new activities there is little agreement on anything definite. The general demand that something be done about credit, labor, agriculture, investments, housing, and public utilities becomes a clash of conflicting interests when specific plans are mentioned.

In such a situation a broad announcement of plans would be suicidal. Such announcements are needed when public morale is at a low ebb and when faith and slogans are required as they were in 1933. In such times the price in terms of confusion and disillusionment which must always be paid is not too high. Today there is no need to pay that price.

Therefore the next four years can be devoted to building efficient organizations which can take advantage of a changed conception of the function of government. We have enough new ideals. We need to build organizations which can carry them out. For example, the Social Security Act will take care of itself so far as amendments are concerned as soon as a nation-wide organization is able to instil confidence and respect. The same is true in other new fields of government activity. Private industry should be conciliated. This is important, because although men may die for principles they live through organizations. Organizations never become efficient and disciplined in times of heated debate.

ROGER N. BALDWIN

IF ONE accepts the New Deal as a collection of devices for making capitalism work better, it is evident at once that the framework within which change can take place is narrowly limited. The New Deal, after its tremendous indorsement, will undoubtedly keep moving in the direction of a more workable capitalism. Such a capitalism means increased purchasing power, more stable labor relations, increased social security, and the maintenance of unemployment relief. It may mean extended government ownership or regulation.

In all these fields the United States is still behind the most progressive capitalist countries. Even the New Deal measures which embody these reforms lack the thoroughgoing character of, let us say, the British and French precedents, to say nothing of the Scandinavian.

I have no fear that the Administration will capitulate further to the tories. They have been buried. The field is clear for further experiment. How far left—that is, toward the interests of producers and consumers as against property owners—the Administration will go depends upon how much pressure is exerted. The new movement for organization of labor in industrial unions is in

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my judgment the most promising basis for this pressure, as well as for the building up of a political party expressing the class interests of organized producers. Without such economic and political pressure New Deal reforms will continue to be compromises or shams. Such pressure, too, is essential if one of the great obstacles to reform under capitalism is to be overcome, namely, the veto power of the Supreme Court. One of the outstanding needs of the moment is a powerful movement for curbing the power of the court by a method based on maximum agreement.

In the field of civil liberties I expect no more interference by the New Deal than in the last four years, and that is slight. But resistance by employers and tories and drives against reds are to be expected in a world beset by insecurity and fear. Yet with democracy still flourishing vigorously, as it does in the United States, the road is open to the building up of popular forces.

ERNEST K. LINDLEY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S course will depend on circumstances and pressures. Any forecast must be made subject to two questions: Shall we remain at peace? How much farther will the present surge of recovery extend? In the event of a general European war I expect Roosevelt to resist the economic and emotional suction that would be applied to us. I believe that we could remain neutral, but I am not confident that we shall. At best, a general war abroad would set in motion currents at home which might drastically alter the present political and economic scene.

Roosevelt's major problem now is to maintain or accelerate the present upward trend of production, thus reducing unemployment and balancing the budget. He probably will be conciliatory toward business and industry, without sacrificing his explicit and implied pledges to labor and other special groups. An "era of good feeling" is dependent on the acceptance by employers of collective bargaining where employees want it and of maximum hours, minimum wage, and anti-child-labor legislation where it is needed. So long as the recovery curve is upward, Roosevelt probably will concentrate on rounding out definite reforms which he already has begun or has publicly projected. If the curve turns downward, he will put forward or accept further reforms. I believe he will move ahead steadily with such long-range programs as conservation, reduction of land tenantry, cheap electricity, and possibly housing.

Unless Chief Justice Hughes and Associate Justice Roberts heed the election returns and vote consistently with the liberals, or unless some of the conservative justices retire within the next few months, Roosevelt will deal with the problem of the Supreme Court. I doubt that he has decided what to do. But apart from keeping us at peace and filling out the present program, the clearing of judicial or constitutional obstructions to the continuing process of readjustment by democratic means is probably the most important contribution Roosevelt can be expected to make during his second term.

UPTON SINCLAIR

IN THINKING about President Roosevelt, and what he is likely to do during the next four years, I always recall a statement he made to me: "Mr. Sinclair, I cannot go any faster than the people will let me." Several friends tell me that he has made the same statement to them; so evidently it is a formula of his. Such a formula may be either an evasion or an elementary truth of political procedure under a democracy. In either case it is permission to those who believe in a planned economy to go ahead and educate the public and build up a demand for the change.

I take it that our present business prosperity is a product of government borrowing and spending, and that it would collapse immediately if the borrowing and spending were stopped. I take it that our ten million unemployed are still with us, and will be with us for the remainder of the profit system's life. I take it that Roosevelt, or any other President elected by the people in their present mood, with such a large part of the sources of public opinion in the hands of the capitalist class will go on borrowing and spending to make prosperity as long as that course is possible. That is the easiest way, and not until the last dollar has been borrowed, and the last deflation of the debt has taken place, will anything basic be attempted.

Our great danger in the meantime is war. I take it that Hitler and Mussolini cannot starve their people indefinitely, and that they will not permit themselves to be overthrown without having a fling at using the glorious machinery of destruction which they have built up. When war starts, all our manufacturers will have an opportunity to make money again, and they will clamor for the right to do this. There will be no way to prevent it, except by declaring embargos, and that will mean such collapse of business that no patriotic President will find it possible to take this step.

Whether our democratic system can stand these strains is a grave problem, and I do not profess to know. All that I can do, with what little power I have to reach the public, is to try to educate the people to a program of production for use by and for the unemployed as the simplest and most obvious way to begin the change. That seems so plain to me that I cannot but believe that it will finally become plain to the masses. Our experiment in California proves that the people will understand this program if it is explained to them. But, of course, it may be that the profiteers have too tight a grip upon the thinking of America and that they will drive ahead under the impulse of their own blind greed and plunge us into world war, which can have no possible final outcome save revolution—perhaps preceded by civil war and fascist counter-revolution.

These are the issues which will be decided during the next four years; and how Franklin Roosevelt acts in relation to them depends upon how many citizens there are in our country who are willing to take the trouble to study these questions and understand them, and spread the understanding among the victims of capitalist newspapers, radio, and moving pictures.

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The Ambulance-Chasing Game

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

DURING the past five years ambulance-chasing in this country has increased to an almost unbelievable degree. The depression caused many lawyers who otherwise might have confined themselves to honest legal practice to turn to this method of making money. In considerations of the subject attention has been centered on the lawyers themselves, their betrayal of a noble profession, their bribing of doctors, juries, witnesses, and even judges, their mulcting of the insurance companies. But this is only one side of the story.

The real victim of the practice, in most cases, is the poor claimant—the man, woman, or child who after suffering an injury intrusts his case to an unscrupulous lawyer. It is commonly believed that the claimant in any action conducted by a shyster lawyer is part of the fraud, possibly its inspiration, and that exaggerating an injury in order to obtain greater compensation is the natural reaction of an injured person. Investigation into the methods of ambulance chasers has disproved this.

New York's first criminal investigation of ambulance chasing and shyster lawyers is now in process. The investigation is being handled by the District Attorney's office, through a new department, called the Accident Fraud Bureau, created for that purpose, headed by Assistant District Attorney Bernard Botein. Since the formation of the bureau four months ago more than 5,000 cases have been investigated; and virtually the whole blame, the evidence thus far has shown, may be placed on the shyster lawyers and their paid "runners."

"As long as there are crooked lawyers and runners they will breed crooked claimants who ordinarily would shrink from committing larceny," Mr. Botein informed this writer. "Most victims of accidents are from the underprivileged classes. They are ignorant, credulous, and often hungry. Unscrupulous lawyers or runners fan the spark of avarice latent in most human beings. They persuade the claimants—often only by means of prolonged argument—to change the details of the accident so as to pin negligence fraudulently on to the defendant. They overcome his moral scruples by telling him that it really isn't wrong, as the only one hurt will be a wealthy insurance company. He is informed that 'everyone does it.' The fraudulent doctor joins the shyster lawyer in urging these tactics. This dissipates the remaining qualms of the poor, ignorant claimant, in whom an abiding reverence for professional men has long existed."

The thesis has often been advanced that ambulance-chasing lawyers fill a need, that if it were not for them poor claimants would be robbed pitilessly by the cold-blooded insurance companies. This also is a fallacious theory, for every investigation into ambulance-chasing conducted in this country has disclosed that shyster lawyers, far from allowing the claimant to have even a moderate share of the spoils, first rob the defendants in negligence cases and then turn around and as heartlessly rob their own clients.

The shyster's client is the foreigner, the illiterate person, the frightened denizen of the slums, who probably never has had contact with the law, who fears pathetically all things connected with it. He would no more try to fight his lawyer or dispute his actions or advice than an African savage would rise against his local witch doctor. If he should try to protest against the actions of the shyster, he would find himself pitted against an efficient, wealthy, close-knit professional class that wouldn't bother even to laugh at his efforts.

The unscrupulous attorneys who practice negligence law may be divided into two classes. In one is the large firm that employs several so-called investigators on a salary-plus-commission basis. The investigators, who are really only chief runners, employ as sub-runners a number of persons in a position to note accidents—hospital internes, generally penniless, hospital orderlies and switchboard operators, policemen, ambulance drivers, taxi drivers, and the like. In the other is the small practitioner who buys his cases from independent runners. These men peddle cases about among lawyers, selling to the one who can give them the best price and is best fitted, racially or by religion, to handle the case. A fracture case in which the runner has obtained the signature of the injured party to a retainer agreement with the attorney's name left blank can be sold for from $150 to $500, depending on the severity of the injury, the degree of negligence of the prospective defendant, and the latter's financial means.

It works this way: Within half an hour after an automobile accident the information is relayed by one of the sub-runners mentioned above to the runner. In most cases the runner, through a system of petty bribery, has access to hospital wards when even members of families are forbidden to enter. The injured person may be only semi-conscious. Possibly he is delirious. The runner talks fast. He has seen the accident; he mentions the street corner, the details. If members of the family are present he includes them in his confidence. It certainly was a shame! How much longer will reckless drivers be allowed to go around hitting people? It certainly was a fortunate thing that he happened to see the accident. Has the injured person a lawyer? He hasn't? Well, he knows just the man, a man with a humane outlook who has devoted his legal career to aiding the unfortunate, underprivileged victims of automobile drivers' carelessness. (If more than one runner is interviewing the injured man, they will pause to argue among themselves about

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who got there first. One runner will finally win out. He may be the better arguer or he is of the same nationality as the patient and can speak his language. Perhaps he is of the same religion.) All the victim has to do is to sign this piece of paper. He will receive enough money to make him comfortable for life.

Once the injured person's name is on the retainer, he's licked. In the first place, he has associated himself with a shyster lawyer, and most shyster lawyers are known to the insurance companies. Thus he has already stamped his claim as a fraudulent one. Secondly, the average shyster insists on 50 per cent of the final settlement, and this is stated in the retainer.

The shyster now gets to work. He communicates with the insurance company or the private defendant and instructs his medical accomplice to appear on the scene. This doctor immediately orders the removal of the patient to a "private hospital," where his injuries can be altered to taste. The suit is filed, usually for some fantastic amount. The victim is told not to worry, that everything is being arranged.

In the great majority of cases, with the great majority of shyster lawyers, the suit is never tried in court. The ordinary shyster is interested in effecting a quick settlement. In this phase of the job he often works hand in hand with the insurance adjuster, who, fearful of the result if the case should actually get before a jury, is himself anxious for an out-of-court settlement. Many legitimate claims, which might net the claimant a substantial award if presented honestly in court, are sold down the alley for quick settlement by the shyster lawyer.

After the settlement is effected, the shyster determines the division of the spoils. His own 50 per cent cut is taken immediately. Of the remaining half he allocates large parts for doctors' fees—always padded—witnesses, investigations, examinations, and other expenses. If the poor claimant, who probably is still suffering from the effects of his injuries, gets one-fifth of the settlement for himself he may consider himself extremely lucky. Under this system, everyone is made to pay for the work of the shyster. The claimant gets a negligible amount. The insurance company is mulcted. The future premiums to be paid by other automobile owners are increased. And the aroma of fraud created by the whole process poisons the attitude of insurance companies and judges toward claimants who come into court represented by honest attorneys.

In reporting on the more than 5,000 cases which have been investigated by his bureau, Mr. Botein said, "We found conclusive evidence of fraud in the initiation or development of *over two-thirds* of these cases." In one law office, the head of which has been indicted, more than $200,000 a year was collected from insurance companies. In New York insurance companies must pay money to 174 persons for every 1,000 automobiles insured in the city annually. The average settlement is $297. Ordinary liability insurance ($5,000 protection for injuries to one person, $10,000 for two or more) costs $95 a year in greater New York. In Philadelphia the companies pay annually 178 persons for every 1,000 automobiles insured. The average settlement there is $202. Philadelphians get the "5-and-10" policy for $50 a year. The automobile death-rate in San Francisco is almost twice that of New York City, but insurance companies have to pay only 37 persons for every 1,000 persons injured. The average settlement is $626, and the same policy sells for $40.

Fifty per cent of the negligence cases in New York courts are handled by 2 per cent of the lawyers of the city. The work of these shysters, it must be obvious by now, knows no bounds of truth or fact. One of the most glaring cases uncovered by the New York investigation was brought into court by a lawyer who profited to the extent of $50,000 annually from his ambulance-chasing practice. In this case a man lost control of his car, raced across the white dividing line of the street, and crashed into a man who was driving properly on his side. The man who lost control of his car and caused the collision —on the wrong side of the street for him—was severely injured.

Two policemen appeared on the scene, made a report on the accident, and specifically stated that the accident was caused by the injured man's hurtling across the street and crashing into the other car. This report was duly recorded on the police blotter. It would seem that the driver of the second car was pretty safe. But the injured man, who had caused the accident, decided during his stay in the hospital that it might be a smart thing to sue the other man. He offered the case to several lawyers. They all investigated and then laughed at him, pointing out that he had caused the accident and would be lucky to escape suit himself.

An ambulance-chasing lawyer took the case. First he paid the two policemen $100 each to testify that in the excitement of the accident, unnerved by the groans of the injured man, the crowds, and so on, they had made a mistake. What really happened, they were told to testify, was that the injured man was driving along on his own side of the street when the *other car crossed the white line and struck him.* One of the policemen offered to have a friend also appear as a witness, and she too was paid $100 to tell that tale. Fantastic? The case went to court and the injured man collected a substantial amount. The fraud was not discovered until the lawyer's whole practice was investigated.

One too clever runner, now also under indictment, probably ranks as the cream of the lot. By paying a not inconsiderable weekly sum he was permitted to wear an interne's uniform in a hospital and walk around the halls with a stethoscope in his hands. He attended a number of recent victims of automobile accidents, sat by their bedsides—he was a fine-looking man—and gently conversed with them about their mishaps. It was all very unfortunate, he agreed. It was worse, he said, when he found out that the injured person was not legally represented. No lawyer? Well, it wasn't his general practice to recommend lawyers, but here was such a flagrant case of driver recklessness that he just couldn't bear to see it go unpunished. Now he happened to know just the man, a lawyer who . . .

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The Belgian Hitler

BY HANS HABE

Brussels, November 12

A STAY of only a few hours in Brussels is sufficient to make one acquainted with Léon Degrelle, the Belgian Hitler, for whom more than 300,000 votes were cast at the last election. His portrait is offered to the foreigner at every bookstall; the great boulevard paper *Pays Reel* reproduces three times a day his youthful head, that of a boy rather than a man.

Degrelle's party is called the Rexist Party; the leader himself is generally referred to as Rex. When I went to interview him, Degrelle was at the top of a ladder, hammering nails into the wall of the new building the Rexists are putting up near their old house in the narrow Rue des Chartreux, behind the market where fish, stockings, flowers, and neckties are sold at bargain prices.

" Rex" was not alone. There was movement to and fro, many men were busily occupied. He gave orders frequently in a tone of command. Most of the men wore the ribbons of the World War, and each had an arm band with the word REX on it in red letters, under the design of a dragon. On the unfinished walls hung posters announcing meetings; on each was depicted the face of the young man before me on the ladder, always with a light shining around him. I saw an amiable young man of about thirty, with frank blue eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and a mouth turned up at the corners. His lips gave him at once a youthful look and a look of defiance.

"You must talk to me here," he told me. "I have no office. I have not a room yet, and we must build very quickly. That is why I am helping my comrades."

He did descend from the ladder, but he walked ceaselessly up and down during the interview. I accompanied him to the mason's; I waited while he finished with the painters and the joiners. The surroundings gave the impression of a theater just before the rise of the curtain.

"We Rexists," declared Degrelle, "consider that the greatest political error of our time, the one which permitted the development of communism, was opposing to the rising bolshevism a capitalism that was mortally stricken. My party is as much the enemy of one as of the other. We also want a new society. But instead of lowering the general standard of living, we wish to raise it; instead of making all men proletarians, we wish to raise all proletarians to a position of human dignity. Only the narrowest conservative could believe that a period such as ours, with its formidable technical progress, can be held within its former social and political limitations."

"Then, M. Degrelle," I said, "you preach a revolution of the lower middle class?"

"I do not deny it. The middle classes have been sacrificed all over the world. I do indeed preach the revolution of the middle class. I preach it in the strictest sense of the word, for I am opposed to all violence."

"Yet you are thought to be a fascist."

"What is a fascist? Mussolini is called one and so is Hitler. Yet I cannot find any resemblance between them. Or is everyone who enters the lists for order and peace a fascist? I am a fascist, though actually I do not believe that fascism is an article susceptible of transference from one country to another. The desire for internal order and a desperate resistance to bolshevism take different forms in every country. I agree with the Italians and Austrians as to the necessity for the corporative state. But, to cite one difference among many, our Belgian state will give first importance to the family, which in other fascist countries plays a secondary role. We hold that the father of a family ought to have as many votes as he has children under voting age. We desire to give every preference to large families. The father must guard his children and work for their future. It is therefore just that he should have the right to vote for them. The family is the first, and the corporation the second article of our charter. The state takes third place. After that you can call us fascists if you wish."

"In your opinion, M. Degrelle, who are the greatest European statesmen?"

"Mussolini, Hitler, and myself. Doubtless you will consider me a megalomaniac. But believe me, only the living, persuasive force of a man can create a movement that will sweep away obstacles, that will conquer with the speed of a thunderbolt. . . . I prefer Mussolini to Hitler. Moreover, our program more closely resembles the Italian than the German.

"The idea of race does not enter into our program. Our movement was from the beginning Catholic. It is generally believed that our name 'Rex' connotes a faith in the monarchy. That is not exact. We Rexists are wholehearted partisans of the monarchy and expect to strengthen it by our accession to office, but our motto comes from 'Christus Rex.' We began our crusade under the emblem of the cross. This fact alone distinguishes us from the German National Socialists. We make no distinction of class, religion, or language."

"You obtained a phenomenal vote at the last election. Can you tell me the secret of your success?"

"I do not know this secret. Ask the great leaders of history what was their secret. From all of them, as from myself, emanated a fluid subjugating the masses. As soon as Mussolini or Hitler begins to speak, a spark springs from him which lights the flame in the hearts of his audience. I was born in the south of Belgium; I admit that I am descended from a lower-middle-class family. I have studied the humanities, law and philosophy, and certain literary movements. Even when I was a student I commanded the attention of my comrades. I worked then as I work today. At present I direct my party and at least once a day I write the leading article in our paper, the *Pays Reel*. I can mount the platform three times a day and deliver each time a great speech. It may be that work is my secret."

"What are your plans for the future? Can you overthrow the left parties at present in power in Belgium?"

"I give you my hand on it—in six months I shall control all the principal instruments of power."

With this conclusion, Degrelle took up his hammer and began again on the nails.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ARTISTIC New York has lately enjoyed an art exhibition of extraordinary interest. Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the women of five generations of the Emmet family were brought together at the Arden Gallery for the benefit of the Art Workers' Club for Women. No such showing has, I am sure, ever been made by a single family anywhere else, and it is impossible to recall another family which in any line has displayed talent for five successive generations, except perhaps the Adams family in our public life. But the talent in that tribe has been vested in the men—with all respect to the extraordinary character and force of Abigail Adams. In the Emmet family the talent has almost invariably continued on the female side. The Emmet men have been solid and worthy but undistinguished, save for one of the younger generation of today, Robert Emmet Sherwood, the playwright, who is the son of Rosina Emmet Sherwood, one of the five painters of the third generation. The works of no less than thirteen artists were on show, with Lydia Emmet and Ellen Emmet Rand the most brilliant of the portraitists—they have all run to portraiture. The sculptures were those of Julia Townsend, the granddaughter of Rosina Emmet, of the fifth generation from the Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet who came to this country with her family from Ireland in 1804.

Ten of these gifted women are now living; two of them are members of the group not by descent but by marriage. Frank Crowninshield writes that the masculine quality is strong in the painting of all of them, particularly in Lydia Emmet and Ellen Emmet Rand, "whose portraits . . . are characterized by strength, dignity, and traditional good-breeding." He also adds correctly that another of their family traits "is the rare gift of honesty, of sincerity; taste, too, is an essential characteristic of their work—an unerring instinct for what is balanced." They have beauty and sensitiveness, too, and a remarkable power to create a living portrait. I have never anywhere seen so extraordinary a likeness as that of Richard Aldrich by Mrs. Rand; and one could not desire to own a lovelier picture than hers of Mrs. Gardner Stout.

But I was not merely compelled to admiration while at the exhibition. I could not help thinking again of all the talent among the women of mankind that was bottled up and undeveloped through the centuries when woman's place was considered to be the kitchen alone, when those women who dared to break the bonds and to find vent for the inner urge for self-expression often did so at the price of becoming social outcasts, the "unsexed females" that agitated the world three or four generations ago. What affects me even more is the thought that if the prevailing political tendency on the Continent continues unchecked we shall again see humanity deliberately turning back to the dark ages and restricting the activities of women to the rearing of children for cannon fodder and the keeping of the home for the warriors. That is the objective of the National Socialists in Germany, headed by Hitler. They have already severely restricted the attendance of women at the universities, and by enlisting girls from twelve years up in the ranks of the Nazi youth organization, they begin early to impress upon them their ideals for womanhood. If they have not as yet deprived German women of the ballot, that is only because Hitler has done away with real elections and everybody is compelled to vote one way. If it becomes necessary for the dictator in the future to permit a certain amount of democracy, we may be absolutely certain that the ballot will be taken away from the women of Germany. Only those who bear arms will be permitted that privilege.

I do not need to stress the folly of this procedure. I do not believe that in the modern world it will be possible to reduce women to the level of brood mares. The very fact that all the dictators propose more and more to make use of women as auxiliary members of the war machine makes me believe that those women will some day, when the pendulum has swung back, demand the right to be active in other fields. For us Americans the objective should remain not less freedom but more—freedom for women to live their own lives and to engage in any enterprise to which they are drawn, to set up their own standards, to support themselves, even when married, on equal terms with men, without any discrimination against them by private employers or by the state on the ground that their husbands also have the privilege of earning their living. It is to me incredible that there are actually American women who think that we ought to have a Mussolini or a Hitler in order that we may be properly disciplined and coordinated. The very first victims of fascism are the women, not only because they are at once written down as inferior persons save for the function of child-bearing, but because their men folks must either become the automatons of the state or run the risk of being torn from those they love and thrown into the nearest prison or concentration camp.

If I have wandered from that exhibition which I began to talk about, it is perhaps because I was so impressed by its worth and what it signified. It was not a showing of amateurs or dilettantes but of artists of recognized standing, commanding and deserving high prices, asking no favors because of their sex, and gladly challenging comparison with anyone. It was as heartening as it was unique.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green

THE *Herald Tribune's* Walter grows less interested in straight news and pays increasing attention to gossip. One of his best columns in the closing weeks of the Presidential campaign was about the King and Wally. But I like Mr. Lippmann better when he really sticks to the facts and does not rely wholly on persiflage. For instance, I did not think that the humor of his piece entitled "Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green" was heightened by its lack of factualness.

Mr. Lippmann seems to be under the impression that the problem of industrial unionism is as recent as the beginning of the NRA. He overlooks the ancient roots of the question and pretends to see the struggle as a personal quarrel between Lewis and Green. The commentator chimes in neatly with the smear campaign which is intended to convince the public that the head of the United Mine Workers of America is actuated wholly by selfish ambition. John L. Lewis is an ambitious man, but it so happens that the objectives which inspire him concern the welfare of millions of workers in America.

Mr. Lippmann writes, "This is not a fight therefore for the control of the existing unions. It is a fight for the control of unions that are at present scarcely more than paper organizations."

Now as a matter of fact, the C. I. O. has already enrolled something like a hundred thousand steel workers. This is rather more than paper. But Mr. Lippmann's error is even more fundamental. He speaks of Lewis and Green fighting for the right to organize the mass-production industries. It is true that William Green has made some recent statements as to the intentions of the A. F. of L. in this direction, but past history proves that the federation under the leadership of Green either will not or cannot carry on the campaign. It is therefore not a fight to see who is to organize these industries but a struggle over whether they are going to be organized at all.

Such feeble gestures as Green has made of late are wholly the result of pressure from the C. I. O. It is a dog-in-the-manger attitude which the federation has taken. In effect the A. F. of L. has been saying, "We won't, and we defy you to try." It is no secret that Mr. Green and most of his associates have no desire to increase the membership of the federation. They want a small static organization. By maintaining the status quo they assure themselves of their jobs. Holding a majority in the convention largely by the support of the carpenters, Green will not welcome a batch of new delegates.

Again it seems to me that Walter Lippmann is either ill informed or desperately unfair in promoting the fallacy that the C. I. O. drive is a one-man movement conceived solely in the mind of John L. Lewis. Even within the ranks of the United Mine Workers the drive has drawn very much from Brophy and Murray. And in the associated unions Hillman, Howard, Gorman, and Dubinsky have contributed to the primary idea and to the strategy. It is quite true that John L. Lewis is the Babe Ruth of the labor movement, and it is easy for the lazy reporter to make a showing by covering the whole complicated situation in terms of the personality of one man.

I thought Walter Lippmann was made of sterner stuff. Am I wrong in assuming that once upon a time he pretended to write in terms of fundamental tides and deep-seated economic currents? I have said that Lewis is not a solitary leader but that he draws aid and inspiration from his associates. Naturally I should go a good deal farther than this. The drive for industrial unionism is not founded on any man's whim or notion. It has arisen out of a mass necessity. To me Lewis seems a brilliant leader, but he could hardly start for first base if the time were not ripe for the new development.

Mr. Lippmann says, "The main uncertainty in the whole situation is whether the Administration is really backing Mr. Lewis or whether Mr. Lewis thinks he has the backing of the President because he has backed the President. As long as that uncertainty exists, the internal struggle in the labor movement will continue, and union labor will go through the ironical experience of becoming deeply divided because the government tried to help it too much."

John L. Lewis is not as naive as all that, and in all fairness to William Green neither is he. Mr. Lippmann suggests that the whole plan of action by the C. I. O. rests on the assumption of Presidential support. I say flatly that this is untrue. During the campaign Franklin D. Roosevelt made no public statement of his attitude in regard to the labor split, and there are no secret treaties. Lewis has been around too long to put all his trust in princes or Presidents. Of course, he feels that the triumph of Roosevelt was a victory for labor, but he does not regard it as the final conflict. Of course—adopting a familiar formula—John L. Lewis feels that Roosevelt more than any recent Executive understands and sympathizes with the objectives of labor. But John L. Lewis would be a fool if he had any notion that Roosevelt was about to hand him a blank check, and Lewis is not a fool.

I'm not dealing in theory; I can point out what the United Mine Workers did when the NRA first came along. Some unions were harmed by this set-up because they got the idea that like the Indians they had become wards of the government and could sit back and let federal agents solve all their difficulties. Not so the United Mine Workers. Lewis and his associates realized that the promise of Section 7-a would be decidedly useful in promoting a membership drive. But they certainly did not leave that to government officials. They went out and worked harder than ever before. HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Song of the Little Death

BY FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

(Translated by Rolfe Humphries)

Mortal lunar meadow
And blood under the ground.
Ancient bloody meadow.

Yesterday, tomorrow.
Mortal grassy heaven.
Light and sandy darkness.

There I met with Death.
Mortal earthy meadow.
Tiny little Death.

The dog on the roof top.
And my lonely left hand
Crossing endless forests
Where the flowers wither.

Cathedral of the ashes.
Light and sandy darkness.
Tiny little Death.

Death and I, a man.
A man alone with her,
Tiny little Death.

Mortal lunar meadow.
The snow heaped high and sifted
Across the very doorway.

A man, and what? I told you,
A man alone with her.
Love, light, and sand, and meadow.

Chesterton as Child

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON. Sheed and Ward. $3.

CHESTERTON'S last book is being advertised as amusing, and among other things it is that. It can be read without effort. It contains dozens of first-rate epigrams. "The principal objection to a quarrel is that it interrupts an argument." "Religious liberty might be supposed to mean that everybody is free to discuss religion. In practice it means that hardly anybody is allowed to mention it." "Bernard Shaw . . . is seen at his best when he is wrong. Or rather, everything is wrong about him except himself." "All [boys] tend to three things: to going about in threes; to having no apparent object in going about at all; and, almost invariably speaking, to suddenly attacking each other and equally suddenly desisting from the attack." It is warm with the life blood of prejudice—with the unreasonable love for every individual, whatever his persuasion, whom Chesterton knew well, and with an equally unreasonable hatred for those who never found individual places in his heart; the theosophists, for instance, he continued to dislike "because they had shiny pebbly eyes and patient smiles." It is the most intimate record we have of the man in our time who has been most like Dr. Johnson; Chesterton himself thinks that Belloc is the man, but his own impromptu remarks to George Wyndham on the subject of Japan are irrefutable evidence: "I distrust Japan because it is imitating us at our worst. If it had imitated the Middle Ages or the French Revolution, I could understand; but it is imitating factories and materialism. It is like looking in the mirror and seeing a monkey." It is enormously good-natured and intelligent, and so of course it is amusing.

But like any other book of Chesterton's it is organized about an idea which to him is serious and important. If the idea in the present case arises from an image, and seems never to be separable from it, that is only saying that Chesterton is after all a literary man, perhaps even a poet. The idea is that he never ceased being a child; that the author of every one of his books was a child; and that the reason for his having always been right in a lifetime of argument was that he saw the world as a child sees it. Chesterton knows that this must be explained, for there is nothing about which we are hazier; and indeed he devotes the whole of his book to explaining it, beginning with a very early experience and reviewing all subsequent experience in its light. The early experience was with a peep-show his father had made for him, and in particular with the vision one day of a young man about six inches high crossing a bridge over a chasm in order to reach a young lady who looked out of a window in a castle. What he fell in love with here was the definiteness of the image—the clear distinctions between mountain, castle, bridge, and chasm; and if the image remained with him to his death it was because, as he says, "all my life I have loved edges; and the boundary-line that brings one thing sharply against another." A child for him is not what it was for Robert Louis Stevenson, a creature with a cloud about its head, a creature dreaming and pretending. Grown men pretend and dream, and obscure distinctions; children, on the other hand, see things in "a white light" that "cuts things out very sharply" and "emphasizes their solidity." It is only a child who can see an apple tree as an apple tree, just as it is only a man with a child's brain who can see England as England. Most men, or at any rate most Englishmen, see it as the Heart of the British Empire. Chesterton, who always kept things limited in his mind, and little, was therefore not an imperialist. "I had no use for an empire that had no sunsets."

Socialism was obnoxious to him for the same reason that imperialism was; "both believed in unification and centralization on a large scale," whereas he believed in multiplicity and smallness, and had preserved in himself that childish love of limits which makes us all more or less enjoy reading "Robinson Crusoe" and which moves most of us to invent prohibitions where there are none—the prohibition, for instance, against stepping on every other paving-stone. The book is little more than a list of the things which Chesterton loved, because, to quote a phrase of Donne's, they had been reduced or could be reduced "to a brave clearness." "I like

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practically all kinds of English weather," he says somewhere, "except that particular sort of weather that is called 'a glorious day.'" This would be because clear skies are boundless. And so on into more important matters, the chief of which for Chesterton was of course his religion.

The story of his conversion is best understood against the background he furnishes here of the search he made, as every Englishman of his age did, for Truth. The search consisted for most of them of getting together in lecture halls and drawing-rooms and arguing. For Chesterton at last it was a wilderness of words, a jungle of incompleted and ill-defined ideas; freedom of thought in the modern world finally presenting itself to him as the freedom to think badly. Wearying of freedom, his own no less than anybody else's, he looked about for a garden instead of a wilderness; and found it in the Catholic church. Here, utterly surrounded by limits, he felt utterly alive. He could understand, for instance, why a priest had once said to him: "The Fall is the only *cheerful* view of human life." And he could be especially thankful for the child's mind in his vast body which had always, even before he knew he was a Catholic, taken things "with gratitude" and not "for granted."

He liked to think that he had always been a Catholic because he had always been clear. It is surely not necessary to believe this; or to suppose that praise of the one thing has anything to do with praise of the other. However that may be, the mind behind this book must be praised. It is one of the most attractive minds let loose in our time, and this book is one of its completest expressions. MARK VAN DOREN

Savage Messiah

REASONS FOR ANGER. By Robert Briffault. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THOUGH many of Robert Briffault's premises derive from the Marxian critique of society, he is hardly a representative of classic Marxism. In his zeal to condemn our political institutions for their basic inhumanity, he fails to distinguish between necessary historical advance and its attendant evils, between truly progressive forces and downright corruptions. With such strident simplifications of history, all of civilization is soon reduced to a huge blot on the escutcheon of man which can be erased only in a new social order created by the proletariat. Thus it is the destruction rather than the transformation of the past which Briffault is advocating, and he is committed to a pigeonholing of history into a dark past which has witnessed the triumph of stupidity over the natural intelligence of man, and a bright future reversing this formula. Undoubtedly this division has certain conveniences, especially for drowning the past in a sea of vituperation, but it obscures the process of social change, which requires the long and gradual accumulation of the forces of revolt.

Given his absolute rejection of the bourgeois world, it was inevitable that Briffault should ride roughshod over all fields of culture, proving with invective, when analysis failed, that the arts and the sciences are tied to the purse strings of capitalism. "With uncanny æsthetic sense," writes Briffault in one of the essays, "the whole of literature, art, science accord in their least modulation with the interests of good business." Apart from the palpable absurdity of such a remark—how would Briffault explain the very real achievements of science and literature?—it amounts to a denial of tradition, with each "bourgeois" writer inventing a new system of apologetics, and each "proletarian" writer fumbling childlike at the foundations of a new world. In fact, Briffault would deny the bourgeoisie any constructive role whatever in history, to the point of insisting that any reference to the French Revolution as a "bourgeois revolution" is a misnomer, since the fighting was done by the "people," who are somehow distinguished from the "bourgeoisie." And it is but one step farther to denying, as Briffault does in the essay Is Man Improving?, that there has been any social progress. Has history been marking time all these years, awaiting the signal for emancipation?

What is especially distressing in these essays is that, in the name of human intelligence and of a more civilized world, Briffault invokes a critical method which can only nurture and sanction dogmatism. One can certainly agree with him that not all opinions are equally tenable without jumping to the conclusion that "differences of opinion are now known to be not a matter of private judgment but of private property." For surely there can and must be differences of opinion among "propertyless" intellectuals, whose numbers are legion, and even among avowed Marxists, unless we believe that there are truths which can be accepted prior to thought and experience. Similarly, Briffault's jibes at a "judicial attitude" and at liberalism—he refers to it in one place as "the residuary legatee of the Christian church"—go beyond mere disagreement with the social premises of liberalism to an impatience with any processes of thought which do not arrive at conclusions which Briffault can indorse. This zeal to abolish stages of belief leads one to suspect that his intransigence is but the mask of his dogmatism.

It is a tribute to the philosophy which has influenced Briffault that, despite the inflexibility which constantly warps his analysis, many of his ideas carry as much conviction as they do. Sometimes the sheer energy of statement, when it is not turned into a shrill rhetoric, gives credulity to his arguments, but in the end the force of his doctrines is dissipated in his riotous assaults on our cultural heritage. What a proud but futile isolation is implied in this statement of credo: "I believe that any form of compromise is today a waste of time and energy"!

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Success Story

FREMONT OLDER. By Evelyn Wells. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.

AMONG the dozens of writing men and women throughout the country who have known and worked with Fremont Older, it would be difficult to find one who could write of him with that combination of personal appreciation, critical objectivity, and social insight needed to give significance to his story in relation to his time. The disarming quality of his personality and the glamor of heroic personal journalism which remained about him to the end defeated critical examination. It was a unique tribute both to his personality and his reputation that the last phase of his career evoked only a legend of personal frustration in liberal circles; that even among the most intransigent radicals his uncritical alliance with the Lord of San Simeon aroused no epithet more bitter than "sentimentalist." Officially, at least, that alliance had its beginnings in the Mooney case.

The biography of Older by Evelyn Wells is an official biography in more ways than one. While Miss Wells is too good a reporter ever to become fulsome, her book is a labor of love by one who knew Older intimately during the last sixteen years of his life and who shared both his editorial point of

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view and his personal standard of values—including his admiration for their common employer. Coming under Older's influence as a very young "cub," Miss Wells is the last of that long line of women feature and serial writers—including the author of "the immortal 'Chickie' "—developed under his tutelage. If parts of the story come as a shock to those who knew Older only by reputation as an "embattled liberal," that is the fault not of the biographer but of those who have endowed the Western editor with a social philosophy which he never—at any time in his career—possessed.

The career of Older—devoid of those deeper and more impersonal implications which could make of his biography a significant sidelight on the history of American journalism—is an Alger tale of a poor boy who came out of a clearing in the Wisconsin wilderness and rose to the position of editor-in-chief and president of the Fiction Board of the entire Hearst newspaper chain. With the omission or even the proper "treatment" of the Mooney episode, it could—and possibly will—make excellent screen material. There is nothing unorthodox now in those dramatic graft exposés and anti-railroad fights which made Older's reputation on the old *Bulletin;* or even in his preoccupation with prison reform, his friendships with publicans and sinners, his contempt for stuffed shirts, and his flouting of journalistic precedents.

Miss Wells writes freely and excitingly of all those melodramatic episodes with which his fighting years were crowded; of his crusading fervor (before his "victory" in the San Francisco graft prosecutions taught him the futility of such crusades) ; his profound sympathy with the individual under-dog, particularly if he or she were a convict or a prostitute; his horror of war and of man's cruelty to man and animals; that almost professional pessimism which he shared with his friend Clarence Darrow. She barely mentions Older's vice-chairmanship of the American Civil Liberties Union and omits altogether—as might be expected—his pre-war friendships among the Western wobblies and labor-anarchists. It was one of these who once called Older a "Jesus-thinker," and like those other "Jesus-thinkers" of the time—Darrow, Steffens, and Hutchins Hapgood—Older was as fascinated by the hard-boiled, direct-action, instinctive labor militants as he was impatient of any social or economic philosophy. But all these attitudes and activities added together did not—in Older's case—constitute a point of view. They were merely the many facets of a unique, honest, and courageous individual and a great popular editor.

Older's withdrawal from the *Bulletin* in 1918 and his acceptance of Hearst's offer to "come to the *Call* and bring the Mooney case with you," was a national sensation in both newspaper and labor circles. Older—and his biographer—are unquestionably correct in believing that in accepting this offer he was maintaining his own integrity. The *Bulletin's* ultimatum to abandon the Mooney case gave him no other choice. For all the rest of his life he never doubted the disinterestedness of the Hearst offer or faltered in his admiration for the man who made it. Both Hearst and Lord Northcliffe—who cabled the *Call* his congratulations—knew that the man in the street cared little—one way or another—about the Mooney case; and Older, who had already fathered most of the features of present-day journalism, including the "confession story," was a circulation-builder *par excellence.* He was something more. With his reputation and prestige as a fighting liberal and a friend of labor he was exactly the decorative note which the Hearst press needed. They could afford to let him have the Mooney case. Granted this, he was "as free as any editor can be" because he had no further fight to make.

Probably because she does not recognize the phenomenon,

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Miss Wells does not attempt to rationalize the irony of Older's position during his last few years while the *Call-Bulletin* (Hearst had bought the declining *Bulletin* years before) was becoming the embodiment of red-baiting reaction. Older had long since ceased to be more than a name on the editorial page, and the paper was run by hard-boiled young executives under the direction of John Francis Neylan. But the editor commuted each day from his beautiful 200-acre ranch in the Santa Cruz foothills, wrote an occasional reminiscent column, read fiction for national publication, and visited regularly at San Simeon. In 1934, when the San Francisco press under Neylan was being whipped into a fury of vigilantism, I went to an interview with Older, sickened with pity and embarrassment for his position. It was quite gratuitous. He talked of Dennis Kearney and early California history, of his garden, of the beauties of San Simeon. The clamor outside apparently did not touch him. He had done his job; he had earned a rest. It was foolish to ask more of him.

Miss Wells has told her story with reportorial accuracy and complete sympathy. It would also be foolish to ask more of her.

LILLIAN SYMES

Clown or Hero?

SALAVIN. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Gladys Billings. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

FOR all the excellence of its characterization, the clarity and finish of its style, M. Duhamel's novel—or, to be precise, collection of novelettes—leaves one a little confused. This is not due to the peculiar form in which it is cast; loose and episodic as that undeniably is, the novel nevertheless adheres strictly to a single theme. Each of the four novelettes emphasizes the hero's sense of maladjustment to the world he lives in; two of them are concerned with his efforts to compensate for this by achieving a heroic identity. But what makes M. Duhamel's story appear to split in half is the obvious and inexplicable change that takes place, somewhere in the middle of the book, in the author's own attitude toward his subject.

Clearly it was M. Duhamel's original intention to depict a "sad clown"—one of those unfortunate souls eternally lost between the grandeur of his aspirations and the ineptitude of his performances. With such tragi-comic material M. Duhamel would seem especially fitted to deal. He has all the precision, irony, and penetration characteristic of French authors; he knows how to preserve the right balance between pathos and comedy—and in his comedy there is that mixture of truth and extravagance, of the repetitious and the unexpected, that belongs to comedy at its best. The novelette entitled Salavin's Journal, in which Salavin decides to become a saint, and in which his efforts toward sainthood end in the most ludicrous blunders, is a masterpiece of wry humor. With the conclusion of this episode, however, M. Duhamel devotes himself to the tragic implications in his tale; and the effect he thereby produces is not only out of line with the impression we have already formed of his hero; it is in itself unconvincing. Perhaps the most tragic thing about heroes of the Salavin order is that we can believe in them only so long as we are not required to take them seriously.

In The Lyonnais Club, we are required to take Salavin very seriously indeed. Yet tragic as this section ought to be, it fails to rouse us to anything like the pitch of compassion we felt after reading the most ridiculous escapades of the early Salavin. End of Illusion tends to alienate us even farther from Salavin —who appears, in this concluding section, to have developed into something of a prig. In any case, we cannot forgive M. Duhamel for allowing this creature of papier-mâché perfection to triumph over the real Salavin, the erring little clerk whose appeal to our sense of humor was not more valid than his claim on our sympathies.

HELEN NEVILLE

Hindenburg and the Kaiser

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

WOODEN TITAN. HINDENBURG IN TWENTY YEARS OF GERMAN HISTORY, 1914-1934. By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. William Morrow and Company. $5.

IT IS hard to see the reason for this new volume on the Kaiser. That it is well written goes without saying, since Mr. Benson is the author; but it is not based on any newly discovered evidence. The citations are from the letters of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, from familiar biographies and other well-known sources. Nor is there anything fresh in the point of view. Mr. Benson portrays the Kaiser in the worst possible light and adds one more to the many indictments drawn against him. The book's merit is simply that of a compact statement of the Kaiser's relations with England, and especially with his English cousins. Here and there he corrects an author like Emil Ludwig, Prince von Bülow, or Baron Eckhardstein, but in the main the narrative proceeds along orthodox lines with many passages of extreme bitterness. Not that one could write about this extraordinarily unhappy and direful man without intense feeling, so dreadful is his record of inefficiency, weakness, egotism, inconsistency, selfishness, cowardice, and total failure to live up to the opportunities of his high position.

Mr. Benson stresses the fatal effect upon the Kaiser of the accident at his birth, when the bungling surgeons maimed his left arm, thus creating a disability out of which grew his inferiority complex and his delusions of grandeur and greatness. He also correctly interprets the relationship of the Kaiser to his tragic mother. He points out repeatedly that the Kaiser could not act honestly at any time. Indeed, Mr. Benson feels that the Kaiser's attitude toward England, especially during the South African War, was that of a treacherous and crafty enemy. Masking his real purpose under the guise of friendliness, "he adopted," says Mr. Benson, "the crookedest of methods, he appeared to devise hostile combinations of other powers, he reared bogies to terrify England, he used tricks to which no straightforward man would condescend, but these were in accordance with his diplomatic methods, and in every case they were devices to further the accomplishment of his sincere desire to be allied with England." He knew how to dissemble his love—with a vengeance! The strange contradictions in the Kaiser's "most exasperating character" are all set forth—for example, that "side by side with his intimations of omnipotence and his incurable inferiority complex" there was "a childlike eagerness to be appreciated." He even did not resent being told the most unpalatable truths to his face, provided it was done with tact and friendliness. The narrative stops with the coming of war, but the Kaiser's existence at Doorn is recorded in his own words as that of "an outcast by the vile intrigues of the British statesmen." Mr. Benson concludes thus: "He loved England still—there was the pathos of it—even as he had always loved her. Treacherous and black-hearted though he held her to have been, he had never succeeded in killing that love."

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's biography of Hindenburg, who in

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the end will probably turn out to have had an even worse influence on the fate of Germany than the Kaiser had, is an elaborate book of 500 pages, and it leaves little more of Hindenburg's reputation than Mr. Benson's book does of the Kaiser's. It brings out in complete detail the relations of Hindenburg to Ludendorff and to General Hoffmann, the real brains of the Russian campaign. It shows how Hindenburg stepped into a situation at the Masurian Lakes which made it easy for these three to plan victory. Later on this "spiritual marriage with Ludendorff," as Hindenburg himself termed it, became the undoing of Hindenburg and of the German people. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett gives credit to Hindenburg for having stronger nerves than Ludendorff and for keeping his head clear and his courage undiminished in several critical moments when Ludendorff went to pieces. But he shows how these two men finally came to dominate both the war policies and the German people, with the results which always follow when military men take control of a country. It was they who made and unmade chancellors and decreed the fatal submarine warfare. That was where the Kaiser failed? He always crumpled up when Ludendorff and Hindenburg placed the dagger, in the shape of their resignations, at his throat.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does not conceal that weakness of Hindenburg's character which led him to agree to the surrender and then to place the responsibility for his act upon others. He takes the part of General Groener, the unfortunate scapegoat who, under Hindenburg's instructions, had to ask the Kaiser to abdicate and leave the country when the Field Marshal himself did not have the honesty and straightforwardness to tell the truth. He thinks that Hindenburg was essentially treacherous and untrustworthy, and he sets forth clearly how the President was responsible for the undoing of the republic and the rise of Hitler. Naturally a good deal of his account of the final years is based upon rumor and hearsay. He uses, for example, the story that Hindenburg in his latter years thought that a marching column of Brown Shirts was composed of Russian prisoners, though there can be no verification of this and much more. But he is very clear that Hindenburg violated his oath of office and betrayed his country.

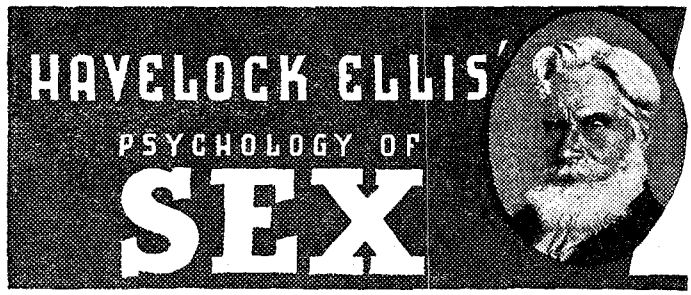
Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has done a great deal of research and examined a mass of literature and documents, and as he has had the advantage of being in Germany frequently during the post-war period he is able to record facts of his own knowledge and observation. However much his book may be corrected by future revelations, I cannot but believe that his opinion of Hindenburg is in the main that which will be held by unprejudiced historians in the years to come.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Proper Study

THE STUDY OF MAN. AN INTRODUCTION. By Ralph Linton. D. Appleton-Century Company. $4.

ONE need not be an anthropologist to see that in this introduction Mr. Linton offers a new and broader conception of his science than is generally encountered. An "introduction" the book is, but in the sense that it leads one into new fields. And the value of the venture may be judged objectively even though externally if it be remembered that one of the important criteria of the success of scientific research is the number of new problems it discovers. In his discussion of cultural dynamics Mr. Linton frequently runs up against important questions so far unsuspected, and field research does not yet supply the data necessary to answer them.



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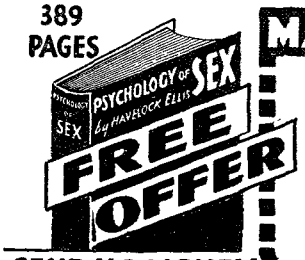

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It is not, however, Mr. Linton's technical contributions to anthropology that the reviewer wishes to emphasize. He would rather call attention to the seminal efficacy, the power of suggestion, which the non-specialist will find the book to have. Take as an instance the light it throws on problems of value. It is not the discovery, as old as the Greeks, that moral codes are relative to social factors which gives these suggestions their stimulating quality. What does so is rather the nice and detailed study of the mechanisms through which society determines attitudes in its members by opening to them certain possibilities through induction into objectively recognized statuses, while closing quite effectively other possibilities. Or take as another instance the suggestions for a methodology of the social sciences. With the atomistic approach to social studies thoroughly bankrupt, there is danger that as a reaction a mystical, organismic approach may attempt to take its place. Such a tendency, instinct with anti-rationalistic obscurantism and giving comfort to political totalitarians, is quite discernible in certain quarters. For this reason Mr. Linton's conception of the nature of society is not only refreshing but of methodological and material importance. What Mr. Linton offers, as a result of empirical study, is not a compromise between naive atomism, giving an utterly unrelated picture of social phenomena, and the unrealistic conception of a mystical social *Gestalt,* the defining quality of which is intuited by transcendental means. What he proposes is a real third alternative, which seeks to do justice to the discrete as well as the organically integrated aspects of society, to the disruptive as well as to the cohesive forces, which are, respectively, left out of account by one or the other alternative methods of approach. Such instances of the manifold suggestiveness of this book could readily be multiplied.

Because it is so thoroughly well thought out, it is a pity that the book is marred by a conception incompatible with its main intention. Difficulties are gratuitously thrown in the author's way by his own implicit assumption that the mind is a purely internal affair which is possessed privately by men and is therefore definable in isolation from the outward material world. A less idealistic notion would go a long way toward dissipating the pseudo-difficulties which Mr. Linton, whenever he bumps up against them, generously passes on to philosophers to resolve. And yet the book is an important contribution, and men weary of the unscientific wrangling of contemporary social and political dogmatists will find it a liberating experience. ELISEO VIVAS

Shorter Notices

LABOR UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC. By Walter Chambers. Coward, McCann. $2.

Mr. Chambers takes as his thesis the well-worn story of racketeering in labor unions and the subsequent damage to the American labor movement. It is true that in certain unions, notably the building-trades unions in Chicago and the poultry and fish unions in New York City, notorious cases of racketeering have come to light and a few labor leaders have gone to prison. But in the large majority of unions no such charges have ever been made. When it is remembered that unions are administered by the same human race as are our often corrupt city governments, it is surprising, not that there is so much racketeering and maladministration, but that there is so little. Mr. Chambers's earlier chapters are concerned with a brief history of the American labor movement, intended presumably for the elementary student of the subject. A number of inaccuracies mar its usefulness, however. For example, when he is discussing the opposition of American employers to trade-union organization, Mr. Chambers makes the extraordinary statement that "English industrialists accepted without hesitation the principle of their workmen being organized." When it is recalled that a little more than a century ago a group of British workmen went to prison for the crime of trying to form a union, a warning will be given to take Mr. Chambers's labor history as well as his indictment of American unions with a grain of salt. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL. By Thomas Bell. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Essentially a simple love story, with the newer hard-boiled overtones, this novel takes on scope only through its background—the upper reaches of the New York Bronx in the black years of the depression. Although capable of being related to the growing literature of the proletariat, it is never aggressively earnest in its revelation of working conditions in shops and factories, of families living on $22 a week, and of sleeping and bathroom facilities in Pullman flats. It owes its quality to an unemphatic honesty that extends from the description of places and things to the recording of the vacillations of personal relationships. Unfortunately, this lack of emphasis is at the same time the book's most pervasive defect, and unless its author can bring a little more conviction to his theme his future writing is likely to suffer from general anemia. WILLIAM TROY

COURTHOUSE SQUARE. By Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The South of Hamilton Basso's new novel is neither the degenerate culture of Caldwell and Faulkner nor the sentimental paradise of Stark Young. It is a drowsy land under whose sleepiness run the same currents of intolerance, pettiness, and bitterness which have disgusted David Barondess, a successful Southern writer, in the intellectual life of New York. When his wife leaves him, he seeks serenity in his Carolina birthplace, but soon finds himself fighting the same forces that had driven him from the city. He carries on his family tradition of following his sense of duty rather than expedience, and becomes seriously involved in an outburst of racial hatred. Mr. Basso's somewhat autobiographical book is an eloquent account of the American intellectual's battle against the corrupting forces of our civilization in both rural and urban districts. MASON WADE

HILL GARDEN: NEW POEMS. By Margaret Widdemer. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

These new poems express sentiment neatly; they are in turn pleasantly ironic, plaintive, and lyrical in the familiar manner, but they never manage to achieve anything like emotional intensity. The aspects of modern life which bother Miss Widdemer—drugstore cures for the ills of the soul, for example—have been written about so many times before that they no longer seem contemporary at all. For contrast she offers the simple virtues, unconvincingly, because they turn out to be popular superficialities. And her lyrics recognize all the conventions; they speak wistfully of love that fades too soon, of death bringing freedom, and of God. These matters are handled with deference but without inspiration. Miss Widdemer possesses a facile technique which conceals some of the weakness of her verse. She is content with any cloudy "poetic" image, producing a succession of vague gen-

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eralities without any attempt at precision or concreteness. As a result, these poems are easy, pat, and spineless stuff; they display the same mechanical skill supporting commonplace ideas and writing which is characteristic of the general run of magazine verse. BURROUGHS MITCHELL

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By Hillel Bernstein, Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

This little anti-fascist satire by the author of "L'Affaire Jones" is a comedy of disillusionment. An absentee American capitalist, Keets Wilber, arrives in Bidlo, a mythical totalitarian state, with the intention of pursuing the heroic life there. The propaganda ground out by the Bidlo government has persuaded the simple-minded millionaire that in Bidlo he will find all the legendary adventurousness, the nobility, the devotion to higher things that are lacking in the routine of American business. Soon, however, a series of disappointments, two stays in a concentration camp, some enlightening conversation with an American publicity man convince Keets Wilber that the real heroes are not those who govern in the name of brutality but those who, in prison, in the underground movement, oppose such a government. Regenerated, he returns to America, there to discover that through his Wall Street representative he has become a principal stockholder in the state of Bidlo and in the munitions industries which are arming it and its neighbor state for a new holy war. The first quarter of the book is dull: the naivete of Keets Wilber is smeared on a little thick, and the result is fifty pages of routine, oafish, deadpan humor. But as the disenchantment of the American proceeds, Mr. Bernstein's hand is lighter, his absurdities more delicately balanced on each other. In total effect the book is gay and deft and, at the same time, bitterly accurate.

MARY MCCARTHY

CORRECTION

The price of "The Works of Beddoes," published by the Oxford University Press, is not $5, as stated in the issue of October 31, but $8.75.

DRAMA

Fancy That. Hedda!

ALLA NAZIMOVA'S performance in "Hedda Gabler" (Longacre Theater) is something of a triumph for both actress and playwright. It is nearly thirty years since she first essayed the role, and it is no small thing that both the character itself and her interpretation of it should remain as vital as they do.

Probably no other play by Ibsen has lasted so well, partly, no doubt, for the very reason that none of the others has a significance at once so indubitably solid and so difficult to reduce to simple statement. Those dramas where he was most explicit, "The Doll's House" for example, have tended to become almost painfully obvious. Others in which the once fascinating "symbolism" is more prominent have either dissolved into thin air like "The Master Builder" or undergone, like "The Lady from the Sea," a sort of precipitation, with the result that a certain amount of rather dreary "new thought" has separated out and sunk to the bottom. Time has, on the other hand, affected only the most superficial features of "Hedda Gabler." Here and there the dramaturgy may seem a bit old-

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fashioned, but the problems of Hedda's character are explored in terms which have remained perfectly contemporary.

Since Ibsen conceived her, a whole library full of relevant literature has accumulated. Frustration has been "discovered," and the term "compensation" has been invented to account for exactly such lusts for power as dominate her soul. Yet I doubt if one could find in the whole of the psychological literature produced during that time an insight not exhibited in Ibsen's play. I will not say that she is not clearer to us, that we cannot follow the pattern of her emotional processes more easily than his contemporaries could. But we know no more than Ibsen did and can see no deeper. There is no point at which our understanding seems to part company with his, and if the play were written today its author would assuredly be accused of having taken his material from a textbook instead of from life.

Dostoevski is usually cited as the most striking example of the writer whose insights anticipated those of modern psychology, but nowhere in Dostoevski, so it seems to me, is there any extended study so clear and complete. Moreover, to say this is of course to say only the less important half of what is true of "Hedda Gabler," for the play is no mere cold case history and no mere thesis. It is continuously and unescapably fascinating. To watch it is to be filled with loathing, pity, and something like fear. As a study in evil Hedda is as much more impressive than Iago, let us say, as Othello is nobler than any modern hero.

As for Madame Nazimova, I saw her first some fifteen years ago in "The Wild Duck." Even then she was, as she shook the black hair from about her eyes, less a little Norwegian girl than some almost unearthly creature who would have seemed exotic in any environment. All that might have been urged against her then might be urged with at least equal force today. If one stops to think, it is obviously impossible to assume that she could have been accepted by the people among whom she moved as a passably ordinary person, not an extraordinary phenomenon. I might even go so far as to add that, in the abstract, I prefer the conception of those who play the character with more emphasis upon a certain contrast between an outward conventionality of manner and the inner diabolism of her character. But Madame Nazimova makes one forget all this. She is both technically superb and capable of projecting a personality too strong to permit a question. I have seen Heddas who seemed more credible in retrospect; I have never seen one who imposed herself so inescapably.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Few importations since the Statue of Liberty have displayed their French postmark as prominently as Louis Verneuil's "Matrimony, Pfd." (The Playhouse) or been more expressive of that nation's unregenerate great-heartedness. From the opening curtain, which discloses an elderly *maman* intent upon wedlock for the first time in a career checkered with four loves and one offspring (now aged twenty-nine), to the final curtain, which returns the bridegroom to the altar after an interloping baroness (Rosemary Ames) has been diverted by the bride's son, it is a farce designed to entertain, and entertain without stint. Grace George as the *maman* and A. E. Matthews as the groom-at-large acquit themselves irreproachably, and are given understanding support by Sylvia Field, Rex O'Malley, and José Ruben, who is likewise responsible for the adroit staging of the whole. The largest task of thrusting out of sight the trifling machinery of the play and ministering to the good spirits of the spectator devolves upon Miss George; and her resultant performance should prove among the most piquant and disingenuous we are likely to view this season.

B. B.

RECORDS

VICTOR has released a new set of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony made by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitsky (three records, $6.50). The recording reproduces the tonal characteristics of the orchestra's playing with remarkable fidelity, and Koussevitsky's treatment of the first movement is flawless, but in the second his emotions escape control and produce an unsteadiness of pace that is disturbing. I hope Victor will not discard Stokowski's early set of the work, for in it a beautiful performance, such as Stokowski is no longer capable of producing, is recorded with astonishing clarity and fidelity.

The set should be preserved because today we know Stokowski only—to borrow Lawrence Gilman's inimitable words—as "that exhaustless dynamo of vital energy and creative innovation, in whose neighborhood the currents of thought and experimentation are always stirring." We know him, that is to say in plain English, as a meddler with other people's music, usually to its disadvantage—though in the present instance Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso in D minor for strings as Stokowski has re-scored it for the entire Philadelphia Orchestra has less than the usual sensationalism in the scoring and less than the usual tension and excitement in the performance (two records, $4). We know him as a co-inventor of that nuisance, the fade-out-and-in between records. We know him as a vista-opener—in a recording of Eicheim's "Bali," which might be good music for a Flaherty film. It takes three sides of two Victor singles ($4); on the fourth side is "Etenraku," an eighth-century Japanese ceremonial prelude which at least has an authenticity that is impressive, but which might be less wearying after the first minute if it accompanied the ceremony. If only that dynamo would tire!

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin play Enesco's Sonata No. 3 in A minor out of friendship for Enesco; it was recorded only because of the sales-value of the Menuhin name; and the sole value of the set is in the performance, which reveals again the astonishing superiority of Hephzibah over her brother. Their feeling and playing together is miraculous, and she defers to him always; but there is not a note from the piano that does not proclaim her the more vital and authoritative player and musician (Victor: three records, $6.50).

Victor also has re-pressed a second volume of Brahms's music for piano—this time the Waltzes Op. 39, with a group of Intermezzi from Op. 116, 117, and 119, most of which are, to my ears, arid formula dipped in treacle, and as such unendurable. To readers who like them I can report that they will enjoy Bachaus's playing and marvel at the recording (four records, $8). So with Bartók's Quartet No. 2 in A minor: my mind finds no path in the regions of musical thought in which his operates; but to persons who have found a path I can report that the playing of the Budapest String Quartet and the recording are excellent (Victor: four records, $8).

Elisabeth Schumann's voice is wearing thin, but her art in Lieder-singing is still exquisite; and on a single Victor record ($1.50) are Schumann's "Lorelei" and "Ständchen," and Schubert's "An die Nachtigall" and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Murder Is Murder

[*Mr. Fernsworth, foreign correspondent of the New York* Times *at present in Spain, sent the letter which appears below to the editor of* America. *At the same time he sent a copy to* The Nation *for publication in case* America *decided not to use it. We are informed by the editor of* America *that he does not plan to publish it in the correspondence columns although later it may be referred to editorially.*]

To the Editor of America: These remarks are prompted by the fact that I have just found the time to look through an accumulation of three months' copies of *America*. As a Catholic boy I was taught "Thou shalt not kill." In my subsequent reading of history I have frequently been appalled to find the church has not hesitated to ally itself with those who have waded in butchery and blood and to profit by their victories. This has frequently caused me to ask myself the question whether Christianity as represented by the church—my church—does not have a double standard in the matter of the Fifth Commandment—whether killing is no longer murder when done by the champions of a holy cause.

Or can it be that when the children of God—for so from the teachings of Christ I understand all mankind to be—are put beyond the pale by being classified as heretics, infidels, forces of evil, or, as you have so elegantly stated it in the case of Spain, "sewer rats," they no longer come within the purview of the Lord's commandment, and it becomes a holy thing to put them to the sword?

This land of Spain runs literally red with blood. I need not express through your columns my horror for the crimes committed by those whom you term the "sewer rats," since you have already done so most amply, and I verily believe with exaggeration when you refer to the crucifixion of nuns and the slaying of them on the altars. My mind is open, but I want the evidence of that; from what I have seen I do not consider it probable. The situation is bloody enough without still bloodier adornments to the tale of it.

But what about those persons, the rebels or insurgents or defenders of the faith or whatever you might wish to call them, who likewise have killed their thousands upon thousands in cold blood and, may I add, in treachery? Who have systematically killed the Republican and loyal officials wherever they have gone; have packed them in a bull ring to the number of more than a thousand and mowed them down with machine-guns; have staged executions to music in the public plazas; have set up in some of the places they hold regularly established human slaughter houses where men are killed like beasts? Is that not also murder? Does the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" not apply?

Murder on the one side and murder on the other. That is the picture. Who is the guiltier? Who is the better instructed? This is no moment for the church to cry persecution, to raise an arrogant voice, to condemn. I tell you its hands are not clean in this matter of Spain. And itself stands at the judgment bar.

LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

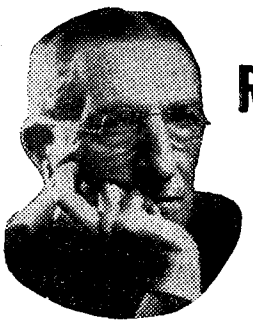
Barcelona, October 20

P.S.—You are misinformed when you state that nuns are no longer tolerated within government lines. I have just returned from Madrid where, in the Calle Zurbarán, I lived for several days opposite a great orphanage of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, now in civilian garb, carried on as usual.

Ambulances for Spain

Dear Sirs: Of the thousands who have sacrificed their lives this year in the defense of Spanish democracy, a high percentage have not been killed by fascist bombs or bullets but by lack of essential medical equipment and care. The Spanish government and its official Red Cross have appealed to the American people for blood-transfusion equipment, tetanus, gangrene, and diphtheria antitoxin, disinfecting ovens, surgical instruments, and, above all, ambulances.

The Medical Bureau of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, with offices at 20 Vesey Street, New York City, is raising funds for an American ambu-



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lance corps in Spain. Thirty-five nurses and surgeons have already volunteered. The campaign is led by Bishop Robert L. Paddock, our chairman, and John Dewey, our vice-chairman, together with such eminent medical men as Dr. Bela Schick, Dr. Walter B. Cannon, and Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, the world's foremost medical historian. The plan is to begin buying ambulances promptly so that, preparatory to shipment, they can be placed on the streets as graphic testimony to what Americans are doing for the victims of the Spanish uprising.

Any contribution your readers feel able to make, either by individual gifts or by benefits and collections, will be gratefully received by us as by the sufferers in Spain.

ROGER CHASE
Executive Secretary

New York, November 16

We All Thank You

Dear Sirs: Whatever and wherever that well of knowledge can be which floods the paragraphs of Paul W. Ward so richly, they are unreservedly the most interesting, most valuable, most entertaining, and—above all—the most reliable behind-the-news coverage in this nation.

It seemed apparent that President Roosevelt and the more liberal forces would win the 1936 elections, but it was hard to believe that Ward could be right in reserving only Maine and Vermont for Landon. The *Literary Digest* poll fiasco was the greatest defeat of the 1936 voting classic. The Gallup poll, while registering at least a victory for the President, failed to record even a faint tremor of the terrific indorsement that was agitating political America. Only Ward saw what was coming, and he nailed it with near precision.

There is only one thing wrong—it always takes a week for *The Nation* to get here.

BOYD VON SEGGERN

West Point, Neb., November 5

More Bouquets—for Mr. Ward

Dear Sirs: I am writing to say that the best article in the November 14 issue of *The Nation* is that by Paul W. Ward, It Has Happened Before. His campaign catechism is a masterpiece and deserves far greater publicity than you can give it.

To be blunt about it, your editorial, as well as the article on What I Expect of Roosevelt, needed something like the article from Ward to make the magazine worth publishing.

N. ANDREW N. CLEVEN

Pittsburgh, November 14

We're Glad to Be Corrected

Dear Sirs: I see that you said in your estimable weekly that I came through in a "remarkably close race." Please note that I won three to one.* Also, that the Republicans bought their votes on credit and settled for 25 cents on the dollar.

They spent about $25,000 or $30,000 and had a redistribution of wealth. The only trouble was that it was not spread among the people, and the distribution was *upward* instead of downward. This was following the usual Republican theory of economics.

MAURY MAVERICK

San Antonio, Tex., November 10

[**The final returns were: Maverick, 34,478, Clemens, 12,056.*]

Freedom for Von Ossietzky

Dear Sirs: In the light of the announcement of the granting of the Nobel Peace Prize to Carl von Ossietzky, the International Relief Association, official representative of the Ossietzky Committee in the United States, feels it necessary to point out the implications of this victory.

Carl von Ossietzky, a world-renowned pacifist and idealist, has been suffering the hell of a Nazi concentration camp for nearly four years. He has been critically ill for a good part of that time, and yet the Nazis consistently refused to remove him to a hospital until very recently—and then they did so only because of the pressure of world indignation. Last week Ossietzky was released "unconditionally." But this was done only because the Nazi government had advance news of his receiving the Nobel prize. In other words, any concessions gained were gained because of outside pressure.

By granting the peace prize to Ossietzky the Novel committee proclaims the caliber of the men and women who are held as political prisoners in the concentration camps of Germany. The fight for Ossietzky is partially won, but there are thousands of other political prisoners whose only crime, like his, was an effort to resist organized barbarism. The case of Carl von Ossietzky proves that this barbarism can be resisted; it should spur all liberals to join in a concentrated effort for the release of other prisoners.

Funds are urgently needed to keep Ossietzky in a private sanitarium until he is well. Funds are urgently needed to win similar victories for other political prisoners.

INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
20 Vesey Street,
Charles A. Beard, Chairman.

New York, November 20

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTRIBUTORS to the symposium are Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Senate Committee on the Investigation of the Munitions Industry and chief exponent in Congress of the neutrality legislation program; Earl Browder, secretary and Presidential candidate of the Communist Party; Thurman Arnold, professor of law at the Yale Law School; Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Ernest K. Lindley, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune;* Upton Sinclair, author and, as candidate for Governor of California, founder of the EPIC Party.

WRIGHT PATMAN, Representative from Texas, will return to Congress for his fifth term this January. He is chairman of the House Committee to Investigate American Retail Federations and author, with Senator Robinson, of the Chain Store Act.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD'S article is a sequel to one he contributed last week on the faked-accident racket. As a feature writer for the *World-Telegram* he has been collecting material on rackets of various kinds and in his spare time writing a novel, *Personal Combat,* which has just been published.

HANS HABE is a European journalist.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA is a Spanish poet, playwright, artist, and musician whose death at the hands of the rebels was commented on editorially in *The Nation* two weeks go. His translator, Rolfe Humphries, is a left-wing poet and member of the American League of Writers.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is an editor of the *Partisan Review.*

LILLIAN SYMES contributed an article on California politics to *The Nation* last spring, and shortly afterward appeared in the *Modern Monthly* with a none-too-complimentary article on ourselves and our contemporary, the *New Republic.* Her reappearance in *The Nation* this week suggests that she doesn't mind if we don't.

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Wisconsin. He frequently contributes to *The Nation* reviews of new books dealing with philosophy and related subjects.

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